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woodwind

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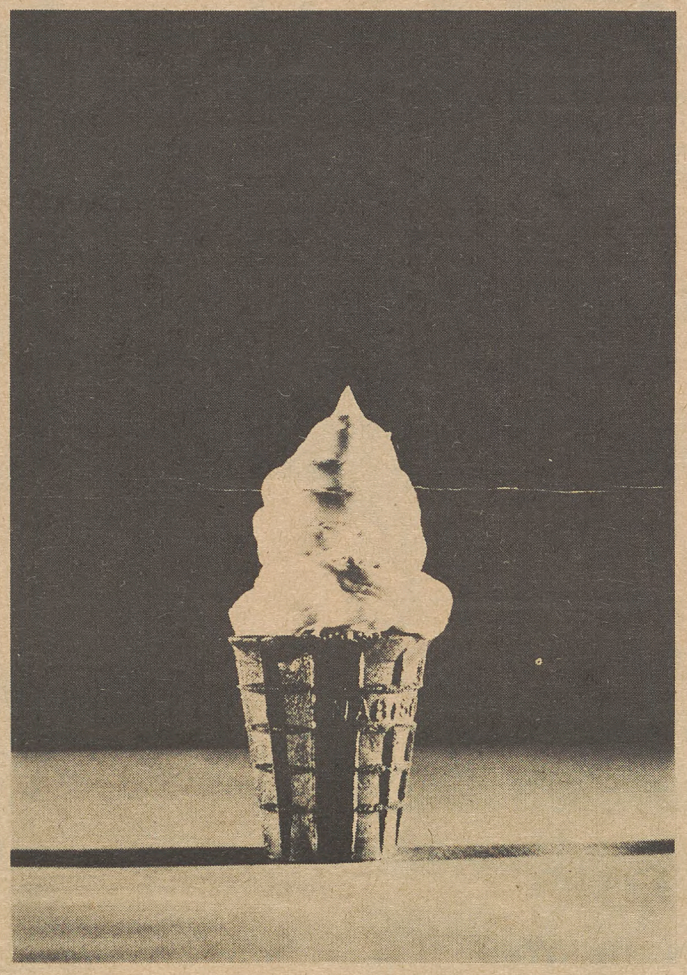

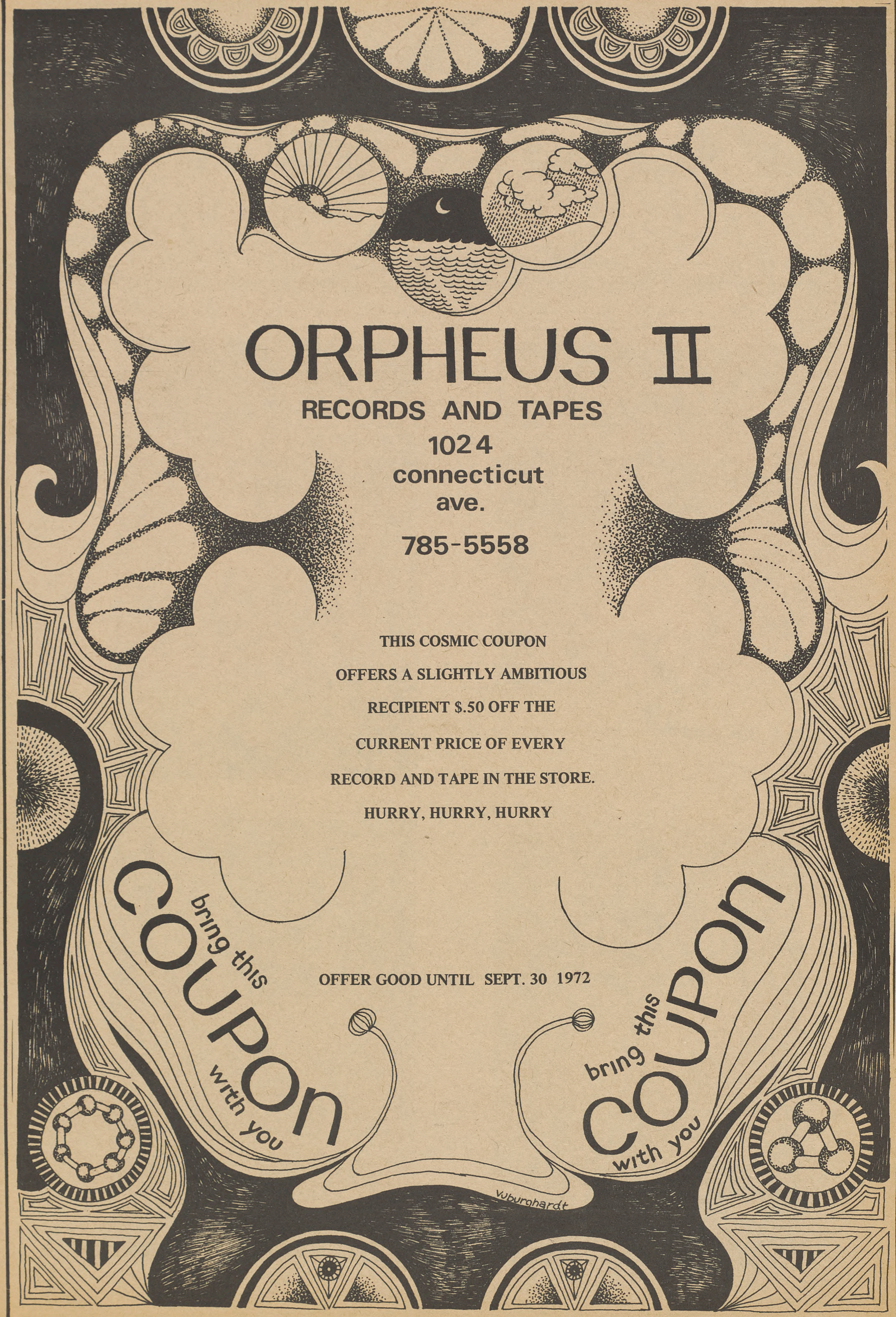
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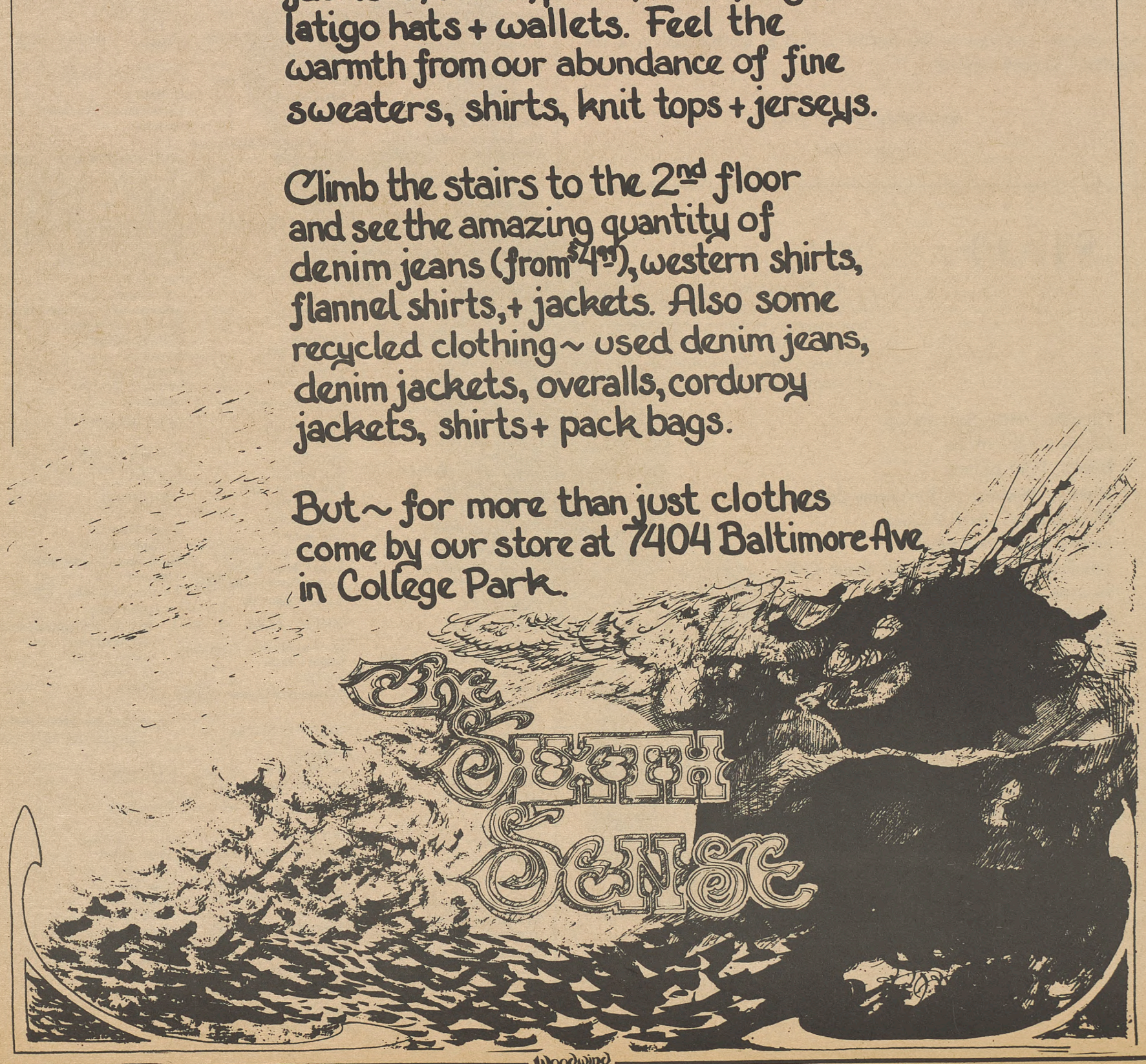

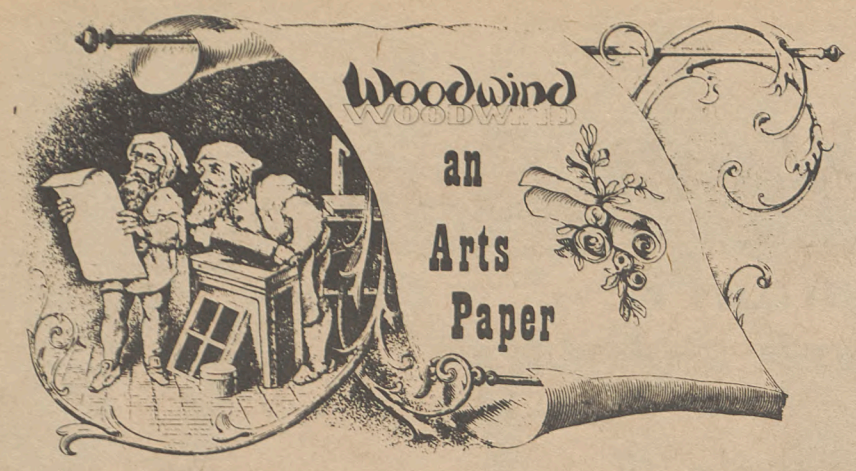

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Getting Misty..

Bandstand Won't Quit

By ALEX WARD

It may come as a surprise to most aging rock and rollers, those of us who were supposed to have set aside adolescence with our last pair of penny loafers ten years ago, but Dick Clark has not gone away. Nor American Bandstand. They're still with us, though in expurgated form. Once a week, at one o'clock on Saturdays, Channel 7, there they are. Old Dick, still sincere, still good-looking in his boyish way, with thick hair and an Ipana smile. He hasn't changed a lick in 15 years, except perhaps that his locks are a little longer and his clothes more mod.

Dick Clark and American Bandstand. Good grief. Quick, Smedley, a handkerchief, I'm getting all misty just thinking about the old days. The regulars. The dance contests. Rate-the-record. If it's one thing that show had, it was a good beat, and all the kids sure liked to dance to it.

Admittedly, Bandstand isn't much now. For one thing, the kids on it are pure Hollywood: sun-tanned, flare-bottomed, and hair-styled. They don't even have pimples. How can they be teenagers? How can the sponsor be relevant? And, it simply isn't much fun watching people shuffling around to top 40 music anymore.

But during its years in the spotlight – which would be, roughly, from 1957 until 1962 – American Bandstand was a really great show and its influence on pop music shouldn't be dismissed lightly. When the program started, rock and roll music itself was only a couple of years old and reaction to it was varied and tentative. The obvious response from people who did like it was to get up and dance to it. Besides Elvis, there were few superstars then, and no one went to rock and roll shows to watch the performers. They went to dance. As long (so the saying goes) as the music had a good beat so you could jump around until your ass fell off or was slow and steady enough that you could stagger around in concentric circles, clutching your partner until your knuckles turned white, why maaan, that's all that counted. As long as it had a good beat. And American Bandstand being a great big dance party that could be seen all over the country, and those kids that came every day to dance on it being just like you and me, the program just naturally became a focal point in the lives of an awful lot of us who loved rock and roll music.

The real stars of Bandstand weren't Clark or the guest musicians, but the kids. They were from West and South Philly mostly – West Catholic, Overbrook or South Philadelphia High Schools – and a lot of the same ones came every day, the regulars. Justine, the Monroe image, and her smooth boyfriend, Bob; Arlene, who looked like Annette the Mouseketeer, and Kenny, the best dancer; Frannie the sex-kitten, and Pat, the girl next-door. I can picture them all now, cutting out from sixth period algebra or phys ed every day to do their thing on national telly. God, I wonder if they ever realized what fantasies they inspired?

They were cool, I mean cool you know, and they certainly knew how to dance. The Stroll, Bop, Philly Dog, Mashed Potatoes, Chalypso, those kids could not only DO them better than anyone else, why, they invented most of them. These Bandstand regulars also knew they were the envy of practically every teenybopper in America and the vibes they sent out across televisionland were correspondingly heavy. Who else, I ask you, was Chuck Berry singing about in "Sweet Little Sixteen?" Their comings and goings were chronicled in every teen fan magazine from New York to LA and some of them could boast larger followings than Jerry Lee Lewis, which is pretty sad, when you come to think of it. Among horny eighth graders, at least the ones I knew, Justine or Fran was always a favorite school lunch topic.

The music on Bandstand was strictly AM top of the pops. In those days, rock and roll was thrown in the pot along with rhythm and blues and pop, and the most danceable music floated to the top. A good indication of how a record would fare on the national market was its acceptance on Bandstand's "Rate-the-Record," a regular portion of the show, that was, in its own way, as much a golden nugget of TV memorabilia as the Caesar-Coca sketches on "Show of Shows."

"All right Freddie, you're our mathematician," Dick would say to Freddie, "Dino and Mary both said that that record had a good beat and was easy to dance to. Dino gave it an 86 and Mary gave it an 85. So, what's our average for Dickey Doo and Don'ts' latest recording, 'The Wheels Went Um-ba-la-da-la-da, Click-Clack, Click-Clack?' " And Freddie, whose brain was probably making noises similar to those of the record, would get the answer right on the third try, after being prompted by the cue card man. So much for secondary mathematics in the Philadelphia schools. If a record wasn't adjudged to have a good beat and to be easy to dance to, its death was often quick and painful.

Unfortunately then, Bandstand was probably a primary motivating force behind a lot of the gunk that passed for pop music in the early Sixties when it should have been fouling engines where it belonged. After all, its main perpetrators – Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Bobby Rydell, Chubby Checker – were Philly products, spawned in Bandstand's backyard and, nurtured by the show's exposure. Anybody from South Philadelphia who could either carry a tune or was equipped with a good profile had a real shot at stardom. Also, those God-awful "cute" songs like "Pink Shoe Laces" and "Norman" always got big play because, shucks, they were so gosh-darn amusing, and the kids on the show really seemed to enjoy 'em. I can't ever remember hearing Hank Ballard, for instance, on Bandstand. Even when he quit doing the memorable "Annie" songs and wrote and recorded "The Twist" – yep folks, he was the originator, and his version was by far and away the best – Chubby Checker got all the airplay and all the notoriety. We have Bandstand to thank for that.

Bandstand's success led to a lot of spin-offs. There were Bandstand yearbooks, Bandstand clubs, Bandstand dance contests in places like Grand Island, Neb., and Clyde, Pa., that sent winners to the Big Show in Philly. Dick Clark was the greatest thing since iced coffee; his fan club rivalled the Chinese population in size, he was given his own prime-time Saturday night teevee show from New York (where all the Bandstand regulars could be seen doing their synchronized hand-clap in the first few rows), and finally, the starring role in a genuine Hollywood movie, "Because They're Young." Of course.

The less said about that movie the better, I suppose, but I can't resist just a brief description. Near as I remember, Dick played a teacher at this high school, see, where all the kids got along except this one guy who kept trying to act like James Dean. Naturally, this guy got into trouble, but Dick, who was a great fellow and an ex-football star to boot, just stepped right in and straightened him out, because Dick knew how to RELATE to kids, having sold them so much underarm deodorant on Bandstand. It was Academy stuff all the way.

After the movie part and, incidentally, a divorce from his wife, it was pretty obvious that Dick had gone Hollywood. Bandstand remained in Philadelphia for another couple of years, then Clark split to the West Coast. Through a process of natural erosion, the show has deteriorated into what can now be seen every Saturday at 1 pm on ABC.

There was another chapter in the continuing saga of Dick Clark, but it was pretty brief. For a couple of years, beginning in 1966, he produced and emceed a pretentiously titled half-hour show called "Where the Action Is." on which rock groups performed outside, with backdrops like the roller coaster at Pacific Ocean Park, the beach at Malibu, or Schwab's Drug Store. "Action's" biggest contribution to posterity was Paul Revere and the Raiders, who were then bidding for immortality on the punk-rock scene. The band, whose lead singer was Mark Lindsay, always dressed in late 18th Century get-up, with silk stockings and the whole bit. Watching them lip-synch their records in the middle of, say, Sunset Strip, was kind of surrealistic, but if that was good music they were putting out, then I'm Raquel Welch.

After "Action" faded out, Dick was left with just Bandstand, long a victim of what doctors call "iron deficiency anemia," or, as we know it, "tired blood." The likelihood, of course, is that Bandstand had pretty much run its course even before Clark went west and would probably have suffered from the same chronic illness in the familiar surroundings of Philadelphia.

Dance programs are simply obsolete now, the Bandstand kind of thing ran its string out in the mid-Sixties. What remains is a sad reminder of what once was. I might mention that, even while at the wheel of this rock and roll Edsel, Dick Clark has managed to maintain his sense of humor. During the "Rate-the-Record" portion of a recent Bandstand, Dick told a flighty 16-year-old that, "If you say this record has a good beat and is easy to dance to, I'm going to skull you with my microphone."

Ah, Dick. Let the detractors say what they will, there'll always be a soft spot for you and Bandstand in my aortal cavity. You just shoulda known when to quit, that's all.

Woodwind

INTERVIEW:
John Sinclair

By TIM HOGAN

[Depending entirely on your cultural stance, you might be familiar with the name John Sinclair for any one of the half-dozen areas he's made his mark in. At present, he and his lady, Lene, are involved in the movement towards marijuana decriminalization and thus, through the miracle of transcription, we are able to share with you this rap about new jazz which was recorded on the steps of the biggest record collection in the world (the Library of Congress) while John was in town for the People's Pot Convention in mid-August. John credits jazz as being responsible for a great share of his consciousness and he and I both hope that this session will aid in your exploration of the field of music that many people progress into from rock and roll — jazz T.H.]

J/ Lene and I used to do acid a lot, like back in '66 and '67 and we'd listen to records and it would change our lives around. I mean we'd listen to things like "Magic City" by Sun Ra, where you just actually like walk around inside the Magic City and all the stuff that the music suggests, of course you don't see it, but you just become part of it. Like listening to Trane [John Coltrane] or Pharoah Sanders on MEDITATIONS and fucking. . . on acid and listening to that shit and you just become pure meat. The most cosmic fucks of all times and you'd just be tearing each other apart (grunt, grunt) and you'd merge. I always write a lot merging and that was what it comes from, was listening to that and merging with the music. You get into a metaphysical construct. I would be aware that Lene and I and the music we'd be listening to had all merged into one thing. It wasn't like three entities. OOooo and that gets you into the whole energy thing of it. Archie Shepp. . . man, I remember the first time I really heard the FIRE MUSIC album, when it first came out. Actually, it was the first time we ever took acid together, the first time we heard that record in '65, I believe. Just completely tuning in on the music and getting right inside the notes.

T/ This is when most people were listening to the Beatles.

J/ Well, some people were starting to listen to the Beatles at that time.

T/ But very few people were starting to listen to jazz then.

J/ No, they weren't and relatively few still are. I would say you had an audience at that time, in '64 and '65, for quote jazz unquote.

T/ Separating it from tired jazz.

J/ Yeah, right, for new music, say. And you had an audience for the Beatles. . . well, not so much the Beatles because they were over AM radio, but I mean bands that were thought of as underground. . . the Mothers, the Airplane, Grateful Dead, Big Brother, Love, the first ones to record – even Jimi Hendrix and Cream. I mean that audience wasn't very much bigger that that for Archie Shepp.

T/ The underground audience was mostly white, but that jazz audience was mostly black, wasn't it?

J/ I don't think so. I think if black people related to that music then that music would be popular, but what most black people relate to is like Brother Jack McDuff. I would say generally that freaks into rock and roll music. . . have a higher musical thing than mass black music at this time. Except for the most shining examples. All I'm trying to say is that as far as the mass of black people are concerned, they relate to Miles, because Miles has been around since 1945 and he's superhip and they relate to Pharoah now 'cause they get to hear him and they like it, but other than that it's like Jack McDuff, and that's 1958 organ music.

T/ I'm still not sure that out of those maybe 10,000 people listening to Archie Shepp back then, that the majority weren't black.

J/ I don't believe so. I knew a lot of people myself, and a lot of them were white – well, not what you'd call white, we call them rainbow. Freaks, neo-beatniks at that time, almost all the people who wrote about the music, with the exception of LeRoi Jones and A.B. Spellman, were white. So, unfortunately, I'd say that black people really haven't been into the music and still aren't into it on a mass term. And I wish that they would, because it's their music and black musicians, who are into this kind of music, are very conscious. I got all my consciousness from them and people like LeRoi Jones and A.B. Spellman. They're politically conscious and spiritually and economically and everything else. It really hurts a lotta black musicians that black people don't relate to their music. Because they'd like nothing better than to be popular. On one of Archie Shepp's newer albums he's cut a couple of pop-type tunes, so that maybe they'll get to hear him now and maybe that'll take them back to FIRE MUSIC or THE WAY AHEAD or THE MAGIC OF JU–JU or one of those.

T/ In that position, someone wants to get maybe two Archie Shepp LPs after hearing a tune of his on AM radio and they face 15 or 20 Shepp albums. I mean, there's no printed media guides, except sporadic reviews.

J/ Yeah, right, not on a mass scale, anyway.

T/ Like wanting an Art Ensemble of Chicago LP on Nessa or all the Actuel and Byg imports.

J/ The Art Ensemble – they're all good [laughter] if you like their kind of music, all their records are good.

T/ Like Sun Ra. I bought two Sun Ra LPs at $5.98 each and they just aren't that good.

J/ A lotta them aren't that good. He's been recording since the early fifties. In fact, his band has been together since 1952 and lives together for the most part. For twenty years! He's got like 25 or 30 albums out on his own label. Now some of those are masterpieces, like MAGIC CITY is a masterpiece, I think ATLANTIS is a really good record, STRANGE STRINGS is a really good one. . . . His two ESP records are excellent. Y'know, HELIOCENTRIC WORLD: VOLUMES 1 and 2. NOTHING IS, his third ESP record is good. It has some chanting on it. Then, ANGELS AND DEMONS AT PLAY, that ain't too bad. I just got one from Saturn [Sun Ra's label] the other day that isn't very good. It's SUN RA AND HIS BLUE UNIVERSE ORCHESTRA. They have millions of tapes and they just release them. There's one that's been released three or four times.

T/ What about unknowns like Anthony Braxton?

J/ He's from Chicago. That whole Chicago thing is pretty heavy. The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM). They been doing that since '66. Richard Abrams has a good album out called LEVELS AND DEGREES OF LIGHT. The AACM recorded a bunch of albums on Delmark, which is a Chicago blues label, so the tie is really strong there. Maurice McIntyre has a fine album on Delmark, he's a tenor saxophone player. He's from AACM. Joseph Jarman's got two records in that series that are excellent. The first has one of Jarman's recitations of one of his poems that's really good. That one is SONG FOR, the second one, AS IF IT WERE THE SEASONS has a woman singing that's really fine. Roscoe Mitchell's SOUND is one of the best ones that's on Delmark in the AACM series. And they have other people like Leo Smith, a trumpet player and Leroy Jenkins, the violin player. Y'see AACM is an organization that set out to establish self-determination.

T/ Would that be similar to the Jazz Composers Orchestra?

J/ Well, no, it's similar and it's different. It came out of the idea of the Jazz Composers' Guild, I think, as did our initial organizing efforts, called the Artists' Workshop, in Detroit. And that was based to a large extent on the JCG which was a short lived thing in New York in 1964 comprised of Sun Ra, Burton Greene, Archie Shepp, Carla Bley, Mi2
Mike Mantler, Cecil Taylor, Bill Dixon, Roswell Rudd, Milford Graves, John Tchicai and Steve Lacy, all those people and others. But it didn't work because of too many ego hassles involved.

T/ Was it organized to get beyond the union structure?

J/ Oh definitely, but that's a bigger undertaking then something just a few people can do. But the Jazz Composers Orchestra is more an association of musicians who are all paid for rehearsals and for performances. Even when they had rehearsals for recording sessions and shit, they would pay all the musicians. The Guild had a thing where members couldn't record unless they had the approval of the whole Guild. They really had stringent collective decision making procedures, which is good except that nobody would be bound by them. And it was somewhat idealistic 'cause cats were saying, "Well man, I can get this session and make a few bucks to pay the rent with."

T/ I'll say what you say, but God if I can live it.

J/ Yeah, right. The Jazz Composers Orchestra still has a very important principle of doing it's own records. And distributing on their own. Which to me again, is a very idealistic principle. But it's a very clear-cut principle that they've established there and which they follow. And that's good but what it means in the final analysis is that, for example, it took them three years to do ESCALATOR OVER THE HILL, 'cause of all the money hassles involved.

T/ It'll probably take a good bit of time to recover the monies spent because sales are slow since it's a [3 record] $12 set.

J/ There isn't any mass marketing for it. And because they're independent, they have no promotion and they have no money for promotion. That's where I differ, myself.

T/ An album set like that would have gotten huge promotion from an ordinary company because of the company's investment.

J/ Bangla Desh was a triple LP set. And, exactly right, because of the investment.

T/ I just picked up an import, JAZZ REALITIES with Carla Bley, Mike Mantler and Steve Lacy for $3.99.

J/ Yeah, they did that, the JCOA did. I haven't heard it in years, it isn't that good, as I remember. There's another one in that series by them called COMMUNICATION [a Fontana import] which isn't that good either. . .

T/ It's good roots though.

J/ Right, it's good to have those.

T/ I got onto Carla Bley by way of ESCALATOR and went back and grabbed LIBERATION MUSIC ORCHESTRA and Gary Burton's GENUINE TONG FUNERAL and half-a-dozen others. That's the one angle I hate about jazz, as soon as you're onto someone, you find that they've got twelve albums before that. Like John McLaughlin's got 8 or 10

J/ Oh, he hasn't got that many.

T/ He does, but not all under his own name.

J/ Right, that he's played on. Well, you get into collectormania, see. If you're a collector, that's what happens to you. When I was a kid I was a rock and roll record addict. I remember Fats Domino's first AM hit record, "Ain't That A Shame." It was the first time I heard Fats Domino and I loved the record so I looked in this catalog I used to get from Randy's Record Shop in Tennessee 'cause maybe he's got a record that came out before that and if so, I wanna get it. And I see there's a whole list of records. Of course, Fats Domino had been recording since 1948 and it's 1956 then and I think, "Jesus Christ."

T/ Then you get the blues.

J/ Right, how am I gonna get all those. If they were in a store I coulda stole them, y'know, but I had to sit and wait for them.

T/ I worked out a thing just recently where I traded 25 Impulse catalog items for three ounces of tea.

J/ [laughter] Good deal. Impulse has a lotta good records. We were talking about Archie Shepp, y'know, within the Impulse catalog, I thought that his first two records were among the finest ones that he made. I think they're all worth listening to. Any of the Impulse records, as I remember. Some weren't as good

as others, but they were all good. The ones on Fantasy, I don't know. They were the European things and a lotta those European things aren't produced or nothing. They just go and tape a live thing and put a nice cover on it and they aren't even edited.

T/ Have you gotten into the Actuels or the Bygs [European import labels]?

J/ Yeah, fine series, man. There's some good records there and some I haven't been that excited about.

T/ Could you mention some of the good ones, because people go in to buy them and they don't know a fuckin' thing about them.

J/ Well, the Chicago Art Ensemble records are all good – to me. Columbia just signed a distribution thing for those labels in the US and Canada. So we might be seeing some of those. Steve Lacy's got one on there, MOON, that's real good. Alan Silva's MOON ENSEMBLE, that's another good one.

T/ How about Burton Greene?

J/ Oh man, his ESP album, I love it. The Burton Greene Quartet, it's got Marion Brown and this white saxophone player named Frank Smith, who's just a crazy lunatic. I was at the sessions for that, that's why I remember it so good. In fact, I think it was the first record session I ever went to. It's got one thing on it called "Taking It Outta The Ground" with this tenor solo by Smith that's just incredible. He just rips all the way from the top to the bottom and then sideways, an incredible tenor solo. Marion plays real good on it also.

T/ Tenor's a good instrument for a maniac.

J/ Yeah, indeed, the best in my humble opinion. I've been known to play a little myself. Those Actuels, though, the AACM records, there's GREAT BLACK MUSIC, A JACKSON IN YOUR HOME and PEOPLE IN SORROW, those are all good. There's a couple Archie Shepp's that aren't so good, I think those are at Antibes. Trane, man, Trane is the person people should get into. You wanna go to Impulse 'cause to me that's where the best Coltrane records were. The other ones are interesting musically but mostly not, except for OLE on Atlantic which is still one of my favorite records, with Eric Dolphy on it under the name George Lane 'cause he was under contract to Prestige. And it's a fine group with two basses. It was done the week after AFRICA BRASS was done, only in a Spanish kind of thing, y'know, ole! And it was the forerunner of "India" which is on IMPRESSIONS. But with Impulse, I would go to his first one, which was AFRICA BRASS. Well, start with OLE with Trane, Dolphy, two bass players, Freddie Hubbard, McCoy Tyner and Elvin Jones. Anyway, that kind of group, a seven-piece group. I would skip over LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD if you were just beginning and go to COLTRANE with a blue cover, Impulse No. 21. It's got "Out Of This World" on it and I think it's one of his finest LPs. That's a beautiful album 'cause it's just energy. I think that people who relate to rock and roll are gonna relate to that energy. I think they'll be able to relate to AFRICA BRASS, AFRO–BLUE and LIVE AT BIRDLAND, they're gonna relate to LOVE SUPREME which I think is most people's entrance to Trane.

T/ Well, I think a lotta people first heard him in the late fifties, but at that time it seemed to be chaotic insanity.

J/ Yeah, if they really wanna go back with Trane they should go back to the records he made with Miles Davis, which to me were a part of my development. They kill me, I still love them, they are the masterpieces of post-LAXIN' and STEAMIN', all with the Miles Davis Quartet on Prestige. I think they're all been recently re-issued. Trane, Davis, Red Garland, Paul Chambers, and Philly Joe Jones – man, that was THE unit. Trane would just tear into that shit, man, it was like nobody ever played like that, all angular shit. Slidin' all over. There's one record that's really interesting because I like to talk about Trane and Sonny Rollins in the same breath. THE SONNY ROLLINS QUARTET on Prestige, one cut called "Tenor Madness" which has Trane and Sonny alternating solos and then trading eights and trading fourths. That was from '55 or '56, really interesting.

T/ Think how those guys must have felt back then, knowing that what they were doing was just too far ahead for people to grasp.

J/ Yeah, well Trane was always very conscious. I think he used to use dope back in those days. And I think he quit using dope n '57, the same time he played with Monk.

T/ When you say dope, you mean junk, right?

J/ Yeah, junk, right, right. And after that he actually made the finest records that were made with Miles and we should mention those. He worked with Monk for about six months and then went back and joined Miles again, so he made a couple of albums with Monk, which are probably impossible to find because they're on Riverside. One was called MONK AND COLTRANE and one was with a larger group called MONK'S MUSIC, very interesting shit. But then he went back with Miles and made some of the finest records of the late '50's which were JAZZ TRACK, KINDA BLUE and MILESTONES on Columbia. They're probably still in the catalog. But they're not for someone just coming into it. Someone with an appreciation of jazz would get into those if they could relate to a little older time. They still sound fresh, I mean I could go put MILESTONES on the record player right now and still get off on it.

T/ Ever heard of King Pleasure?

J/ Oh sure man, I know all his songs [and he proceeds to sing one].

T/ I didn't know a thing about King Pleasure and had gone all through Dan Hicks and the Hot Licks excitement. And he's a xerox copy of King Pleasure.

J/ Yeah, right. See, he doesn't show me anything. Yeah, King Pleasure was doing that in the forties. Him and Eddie Jefferson. See, Eddie Jefferson was James Moody's road manager and sang with him. I liked him better than King Pleasure, he was less smooth and he was a little further out. In fact, you can compare the work of the two because they both did the same tune, "Parker's Mood," which was this tune Moody did for Charlie Parker. And they both wrote words for it. It's a slow blues, so you can compare their different approaches. But Eddie Jefferson did "Moody's Mood For Love" which is the most famous of them all. I've always liked those tunes, I got hip to them in 1961 or so and I was totally into jazz and hung around with black people off the streets. It was like poetry, not rhyme, the rhythms were directly shaped to the music and that was the biggest influence on me as a writer and remains so to this day. And the rhythm and blues records I came up on, which were the same thing only they rhymed. I mean, you listen to some of those records, you talk about pure sense of music being put together.

T/ Same trip with the "do-wop-sho-wops."

J/ OOooo, yeah, you listen to the Moonglows or Little Anthony and The Imperials or some of those people and the arrangements on those records. Or Clyde McPhatter and the Drifters, and wasn't it the Clovers – they're motherfuckers. Shep and the Limelights were killers. There's one tune Clyde McPhatter and the Drifters did, "Whatcha Gonna Do" from like around '54, it has just the most intricate arrangement.

T/ I think I'm really disappointed in FM radio for not taking its listeners into jazz, even if it's by way of rock or rhythm and blues.

J/ I think the reason for that is simply that jazz isn't popular. But I think as you get more people who are into this music that it's gonna get on the air more. Some of these radio people would play the most eighteenth-rate Byrds record before they'd play one of the masterpieces of Western Civilization.

T/ You listen to FM now and it's relics of an era past, "Gotta Revolution" and "For What It's Worth."

J/ Frankly, I'd rather hear that than most of the shit that comes out now, even by those same people. I'd rather hear the Buffalo Springfield do "For What It's Worth" than hear Neil Young whine for his mother. But what would be mroe interesting – as we know it would be for them – is to also be sliding in this music. What's gonna happen when it become popular, there's this whole world of records that are all new. We've been talking about that. I mean, the whole ESP catalog would be new. The whole Impulse catalog, for the most part, would be all new. People would be discovering this shit and I think people are going to get really excited. People get really excited about Procol Harum. . . when they discover this other stuff they're gonna get turned around, I believe. Can you imagine hearing "Bells" for the first time. How it would take people's heads off. I'll testify. I had a show on WABX in Detroit in '69. This brother that was on the air used to say "You oughtta have a show." and I'd say "They'd never let me have a show." So I goaded him into letting me come on his show one day a week and play all the records. And what I'd play is what I'd play at home. I only played high energy rock and roll, cultural artifacts from rock and roll history from the fifties, blues, rhythm and blues and jazz. And spoken word – Malcolm X, Eldridge Cleaver, Lenny Bruce, Lord Buckley. And mix them all together. So you go right from "School's Out" which is a high energy jam into a high energy Coltrane record, to a high energy Albert Ayler record, into a high energy Archie Shepp record and the energy level would just keep on.

T/ And the listeners would say "What is it, I want it."

J/ And I'd say "It's Hambone," y'know.

T/ Bobby "Blue" Bland.

J/ Yeah, right, exactly. That's why I'm excited now, 'cause I give it two or three more years. . . 'cause even now with the Mahavishnu Orchestra, which is a good band, but which is not. . . .

T/ It's a damn good bridge band.

J/ Exactly.

T/ It's a rock band with jazz talent.

J/ That's exactly what it is.

T/ And people see them live and they say that McLaughlin's a genius and they find out he's a jazz musician and they realize that there must be genius in jazz. Weather Report's another.

J/ Right, Weather Report is a good entrance. Tony Williams Lifetime was a good insertion while it lasted. Tony Williams is one of the finest people. If people wanna hear Tony Williams at his best, there's a Miles Davis record called MILES DAVIS IN EUROPE on Columbia. It was that quintet with Ron Carter, Tony Williams, Herbie Hancock and George Coleman and they recorded this record at Antibes, I believe. It has "Autumn Leaves" on it. . . . Tony is just sparkling.

T/ I saw him with Larry Young, Jack Bruce and McLaughlin up at the Newport Jazz Festival. Their music had the audience pinned to the back of their chairs it was so forceful.

J/ We saw Trane and Archie Shepp play together the day after we took LSD for the first time, in 1965 at the Downbeat Festival in Chicago. Cecil Taylor played in the afternoon and there was Coltrane's quintet with Archie and they drove people right outta their fuckin' gourds. Man, some people just hated it it was so intense; in and out with Trane and Archie standing head to head. Ahhhh. . . wow.

T/ That's the thing you get with something like that, or Williams, you either hate it or you love it and either one, you do it very stronly.

J/ Yeah, cause they really assault people [laughter]. I think Sun Ra is gonna make a helluva bridge group, if anything right can happen regarding records with him. We brought him to Michigan in 1969, we put him in the [Grande] Ballroom with the MC5, and two or three other gigs – people loved it. They had never seen anything like that before and it was so relatable. These people would come out and chant, all of them:

"Take a trip to space
the next stop Mars
Take a trip to space
the next stop Mars"

People are spacing out on the music and Ra is out there with a big sun sign and it blew their minds. It's better than the Stooges [hearty laughter].

T/ I play Cecil Taylor's NEW YORK CITY R & B for people and they laugh at it. And I say, "What the fuck are you laughing at?" and they say, "He plays funny." Genius really is pain. But it's his style.

J/ Yeah, he recorded one with Verve, LIVE AT NEWPORT, in 1967. One, TRANSITION, in 1956. But they aren't that good, they're just for historical reference. There's one that was released previously on Barnaby, as AIR, I think. And there's one on Contemporary called LOOKING AHEAD. He'd record about every two years or so on different labels. Okay, all those are cool, but if you want to get someone into Cecil Taylor there's one record on Impulse which is called INTO THE HOT by the Gil Evans Orchestra, but it isn't Gil Evans.

T/ Ohhh. . . and Gil Evans is the kind of cat you'd skip over.

J/ Oh, no, don't do that either. If you ever hear OUT OF THE COOL on Impulse, there's one cut called "Le Nevada" ["snowfall" in Spanish] with Johnny Coles on trumpet and a helluva guitar player form Pittsburgh, Ray Crawford. A nice thing. And his things with Miles. . . SKETCHES OF SPAIN, PORGY AND BESS. . . oh man, those are fine records. But Gil's a different thing, he's a lot softer. But I think what happened, he did OUT OF THE COOL and still had a record left on his contract and I don't think he had it together to do it. There's six tracks on INTO THE HOT, three of them are by Cecil Taylor's group, with Archie Shepp, Jimmy Lyons, Sonny Murray and Henry Grimes. It's a five piece group that sounds like an orchestra because of Cecil's arrangements. He does a tune called "Bulbs," a tune called "Pots," and a tune called "Mix," all of them some of the finest moments in music.

T/ I'm warm inside because I know I can get that tomorrow. [Which I did and thank you John for the turn-on.]

J/ If you can get it anywhere, get it, 'cause it's a masterpiece that stands with records like MEDITATIONS (Coltrane), BELLS (Albert Ayler), and MAGIC CITY (Sun Ra). His Blue Note Record, UNIT STRUCTURES, Cecil cut that in '66 with Jimmy Lyons, Andrew Cyrille and Alan Silva. That would be a good record to put people onto Cecil with. See, Cecil's unfortunate in that he never had a steady relationship with a recording company, primarily because he thinks he's worth much more money than they will pay him. So consequently, when he does want to record his music, it's like with Blue Note for a few bucks just 'cause he wants to get his music out.

T/ What do you think of Alice [Coltrane] carrying on?

J/ I think Alice is all right in her own right. I don't think she carries Trane very far, unfortunately. It's just a different kind of meditation. Trane did a record called MEDITATIONS which is like hollering and screaming. Music that would blow an ahram off the hill. OM is a great record, that's a great way to get into Trane, with singing on it. But Cecil Taylor is a compositional genius as well as an instrumental genius. Archie Shepp was very deeply influenced by playing with Cecil, when he first started playing. The AIR record, NEW YORK CITY R & B, and INTO THE HOT, those are Archie's first dates. So, if you listen to Archie's early records, he's into composition. Take a tune like "Hambone" off of FIRE MUSIC – I see that as right out of Cecil, if you've heard "Bulbs" and those things. Cecil relates more to the European musical tradition, except for Mingus, than other people of his calibre. Much more than Trane, because he never wrote. The high point of his [Trane's] career was ASCENSION, which was jsut energy. But Cecil on "Bulbs," I keep getting back to that 'cause he's got Archie playing the solo and underneath him he's just pushing him all over the place on the piano. He plays very percussive piano. The drummer is Sonny Murray and he's just in the background, the most coherent he's ever sounded on record, but it isn't like punctuatvie drumming. He was just like laying a drone and Cecil's doing all the percussion on the piano. The solos interchange, they come out of the arrangement and go back to it. The thing about all those people is that they're all different, I mean they all just happen to play saxophones, trumpets and pianos and drums, but their music is all very distinct. Pharoah's music is very distinct, Ornette's is beautiful compositions and killer imporvising, but not arrangements and things like that. He has a record out on Columbia, SCIENCE FICTION. I heard it once and it blew me away.

T/ I heard that right after hearing Charlie Parker and the directness of relationship, though there's maybe 30 years' time difference between Parker's riffs and what Ornette is playing, blew my head off.

J/ It's an extension. He was the first real extension of what Bird [Parker] was doing with his music. When Ornette emerged in '58, there had been a whole generation of saxophone players, including Sonny Rollins and Trane, who were like offshoots in different ways from what the Bird had opend up. There's a lot of good players, like Jackie McLean, who took what Bird had done and took it down a little bit and intensified it and funked it out. LET FREEDOM RING, ONE STEP BEYOND, all Jackie's records from the early Sixties were really fine records. But Ornett came along and picked up where Bird left off and took it the other step out. That was why they always called Parker "Bird" 'cause he always sounded so free and Ornette sounded so free and sparkling. You can trace his tunes to Bird, they're all weird permutations on old be-bop tunes. [Eric] Dolphy was

Continued on Page 13

Around Da Town

A Classy Show Biz Column

By T. Tabasco Tattle

In the last issue I wondered where guitarist LINK WRAY was keeping himself. Someone told me he'd moved from Maryland to Arizona, but then I saw an ad in the VILLAGE VOICE that said he was making an appearance at the Big Apple.

Is Washington so lacking in music clubs that Link Wray can't get a gig here? I mean, even if D.C. has only a few clubs that feature non-muzak rock music, there must be some clubowner who would realize that Wray would bring out the folks.

Speaking of New York, our local yahoo-rockers, SKY COBB, will be bopping on up to Fun City for a gig at My Father's Place. After several engaging engagements at D.C.'s My Mother's Place. It's a family af-fairrrr. . .

Did you know that WEATHER REPORT, the most popular non-commercial jazz group in the country, has one ERIC GRAVATT on drums? Yeah, Eric used to play for Lloyd McNeil here in town, remember? And Buck Clarke is now with Les McCann.

Why did the management of WEAM decide to label their recent Oldies programs "The Fifties Put-On"? What's put-on about rock and roll? The only jive I can think of is the inane patter of the jocks who were blathering ten years ago and are still blathering today. I suppose making money from being an on-the-air asshole and still being able to sleep at night is a put-on, but I don't want to hear about it.

BARRY RICHARDS just bought a brand new Cadillac, reports our Gaithersburg correspondent. The license plate advertises the WHMC heavy music jock's self-styled nametag "BR."

You will remember that BR once admitted to the press that he drove a beat-up old Chevy because he didn't think a flashy car would be good for his image. Ah, the diaphanous silk veils of change!

Our White House correspondent reports that RICHARD M. NIXON likes THE CARPENTERS a lot, and golfers, too. And he also likes handing out momentoes enscribed with the Presidential Seal. Here's how the report goes:

"He handed Karen a compact, and pointed out that 'The Presidential Seal is on it, just like the Presidential Seal here on the floor, and like the one on my desk and the one on the flag in the corner.'

"Next, he bestowed a set of cufflinks on Richard and said, 'You'll notice that the Presidential Seal is on your cufflinks, just like the one on the floor, and the one on my desk and the one on the flag over there in the corner.' "

Our correspondent then noticed the appearance of a well-known golfer, who reminded the President that he had played with him once. The President went to the top drawer of his desk after recognizing the man and brought forth several golf balls.

" 'You'll notice,' said the President, 'that the Presidential Seal is on these balls, just like the one on the floor and the one on my desk.'

"The President then said, 'Just like the one on the flag in the corner.' pointing out that he didn't mean the American flag, but 'the other one'." He IS the President.

My Late Movie Award has to go to the recent Les Barker–Zsa-Zsa Gabor flick on Channel 9 – and this is hard to figure out – ex-Nazi Communist Russians, who in thier crazy-scientist best, put an electronic bug into the brain of Zsa-Zsa's sister – actually playing herself in the film – while Joe Stalin watched . . . . God, why doesn't someone open a theater where we can watch these incredible films!

The Dodie Goodman Late Talk Show TV Award has to go to the JOHNNY CARSON–BUDDY RICH–MONTY ROCK conversations. Monty, incidentally, sang "My Way" on the show. Monty thanked bandleader Doc Severinson for providing decent arrangements which he couldn't afford. Doc slipped and replied the band hadn't used any arrangements. . . .

Barbara Cohen, a STAR–NEWS reporter-editor who occasionally eats-in for vacationing gore-may JOHN ROSSEN, takes the cake in the unaccurate prose award, also tagged the Back-Of-The-NEW-YORKER he-haw prize for the following excerpted review about the new Golden Table Restaurant. Here is the lead, for openers:

"THERE MAY BE SOMETHING NICE TO SAY ABOUT NEON."

Now what would the NEW YORKER say about that?

Well, perhaps they'd bide their time until they considered using the second paragraph:

"BECAUSE THE LACK OF IT IS CERTAINLY DEPRIVING MANY WASHINGTONIANS OF A VERY PLEASURABLE DINING OUT EXPERIENCE."

Sorry, Barb, I'd prefer even a Gino Giant to a hard-to-get neon filet.

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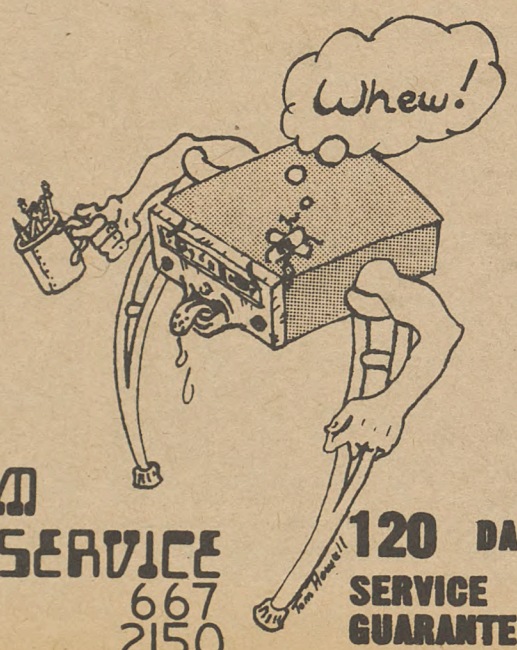

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Waiting for the fall: Timberlake

By John Burgess

It was tense. Otis Woody and his attorney were flying around the second floor office from phones to groups to phones to reporters and back again to phones.

Yes, the concert was on. No, it wasn't cancelled.

Signs were up – both sets – "This concert has been cancelled. . . participants will be prosecuted." "The concert is on!"

At every intersection were concert people pointing out the correct route. At certain intersections were police cars, "just countin' in's 'n' out's," just sitting.

"We've got 500-700 people here. . . . The jail isn't big enough!"

"Doesn't look like that many, but we can get 500 officers here within an hour. . . . Put 'em all in Lorton."

"If we get arrested, what's the charge?"

"All they can get you on is violating a court order – a misdemeanor. Fifty or so dollars and/or a year in jail."

"Yeah, but will they impound our campers and instruments?"

"Probably."

"Will we get them back?"

"Oh yeah, they make an inventory and. . ."

"Are you going to try to move the people off first, or just start arresting them?"

"I don't know, it depends on the wheels at headquarters."

"I wouldn't want to be in Jim Clark's ass right now."

"Hell, I wouldn't want to be in my own ass right now!"

But, this was to be a traditional bluegrass/blues concert, and so, traditionally, the show went on.

It did. Just a little late.

A couple of groups didn't want to be the first to play. They were sent home without playing at all.

Finally, it got together – lights, sound, groups – and the show was on. What a show.

Even applying my strictest standards, even being somewhat prejudiced against a couple of the groups, there were remarkably few bad performances in all three days and nights.

Of course, not everyone who played was received equally well. Not everybody who listened, of course, had the same tastes. For most, Orphan was too much the rock band, to which I will add that they didn't play very well, either. Ambrose Thibodeaux' Cajun music – which I thought was extremely fine – was a little too exotic for the majority of the crowd. Tant pis!

Then there were the favorites. The Earl Scruggs Revue could do no wrong, even though their first set was incredibly sloppy. The Dillards had to wait for quiet before they could play. Even though they "rocked" quite a bit, their raving insanity – is Rodney real? – saved them from the Orphan's fate.

Grandpa Jones (from TV's Hee Haw) was everyone's crazy relative. Not only is that fine old gentleman delightful in his own very particular sense of humor, but he plays and sings in a comfortable, appealing style.

The Stonemans, J.D. Crowe, The Country Gentlemen, II Generation, Bluegrass 45 – all gave exceptional performances.

And rising out of this mass of favorites were the darlings of the festival. Brian Bowers absolutely blew the concert away with his autoharp. Not only was he most accomplished on his instrument, but his bit (gimmicky as it was), showing how easy it is to play "Battle Hymn of the Republic" – in five part harmony–with one hand doing all the plucking – was amazing. Astounding, even. Try "incredible." Try anything you damn well please, it won't be big enough. Brian, by the way, will be appearing at the Cellar Door in the near future.

Harmonica Frank Floyd slew every intoxicated head in the audience and every head was intoxicated through the courtesy of something or other.

[Excuse me. I must interrupt. I must correct an impression that some may have gained from the Sunday Washington Post's article on the festival. The reporter for that paper must have written his article before he got to Timberlake. He mustn't be too bright, either. Would anyone with a mathematical bent care to compute the amount of grass – aka "marijuana" – needed to produce the quantity of smoke needed to occupy a volume whose minimum dimensions are 3 acres X 50 feet? I'll bet that that total is somewhat larger than the amount of grass in existence throughout the Boston-Washington corridor. Also, a phenomenon known as "fog" occurs in Fairfax County, Virginia. It has been known to accumulate over standing water as the evening grows cooler. Indeed.

If someone from the Post's editorial board could tell me why it allows its reporters to write imaginary accounts of news stories, I'd be very interested in finding out.

Too, "end of summer youth rites. . . ." But you must be kidding. "End of summer youth rites" do not include hundreds of middle-aged (and older) couples, families, and owners of $12,000 travel homes all listening to the music and having a good time.

Finally, the intoxicant of choice, by far and away, was alcohol. Alcohol has not been a favorite of "end of summer youth rites" for at least a decade.

Come on, Post, how about asking a little intelligence/background from your writers?]

But back to the festival. . .

Two local groups, Liz Meyer and White Lightning and John Duffey and the Seldom Scene, have to be included as "darlings."

This is not due to their local origin, however. They played and sang with the best of the show. Liz and White Lightning appear frequently in the area, notably at Childe Harold and the Red Fox Inn.

Well, now, what does that leave?

The Lewis Family which has a selling job that should – but won't – shame Oral Roberts.

The sublime Williams Sisters.

The Shenandoah Cut-Ups.

The favorite songs – played by most of the groups – like "Orange Blossom Special" and "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" and "Virginia" and "Country Road."

As you might expect, the fiddle was by far the most popular instrument.

There were a few disappointments though. John Prine, who was/wasn't/was/wasn't/was going to appear didn't, through no fault of his own.

Doug Kershaw was suddenly stricken with a very bad sore throat. He didn't perform, but was present at workshops with Ambrose Thibodeaux.

Doc Watson (and his son Merle) were kept away by Merle's illness.

But these disappointments were far from heart-breaking. How could they have been anything but minor when the rest of the festival is considered?

The park was one of the most beautiful I've seen and it was ideal for the festival with the stage out on the lake in full sight and sound of the hillsides which surround it.

The lighting (by Yorktown Stage Lighting) was very well handled. On Friday night, while the canopy was still in existence over the stage, the effect was that of some sort of waterbug, all gossamer, canted on the water, listening to the music that seemingly came (through the sound system of Pulsonics from Richmond) from the sky.

All in all, the festival was a great success, except for the promoters.

It carries a lesson with it for various parties in the Post, Fairfax County Court House, and Vienna. That lesson: Bluegrass festivals are a thing unto themselves. Bluegrass does not equal Woodstock or Altamont, no matter where your head is.

Kinks concert stinks

By BRUCE ROSENSTEIN

The Kinks – Michael Murphy Group at Painter's Mill Music Fair on Labor Day was a most distressing affair. I had been told by fellow Kinks admirers that live, the group is bad news and altogether avoidable. But I felt that if you like the Kinks, if they mean something to you, then you should see them reputations and warnings aside.

There were enough hassles that night to ruin the evening that had nothing to do with the Kinks' performance; the biggest being a bomb-threat right before Michael Murphy was to go on stage which forced everyone's evacuation from the building. When the crowd, ('though not much of one) returned, Murphy and his group managed to fill up the 45 minutes or so until the Kinks were due with some dull country rock. Michael appears to be a capable and at times interesting songwriter, but his singing is absolutely nowhere and his group rises little above competency. He spends too much time between songs with self-conscious, overserious raps which border on the embarassing. His hit single "Geronimo's Cadillac" was, of course, the last song. Murphy desperately trying to get people to sing along, even stopped the song once and scolded everyone with something like "I know it's considered uncool these days to sing along, but. . ." Personally, I have enough trouble listening to Michael sing it, let alone the audience, but a few did exercise their vocal cords and as the boys really got it on and dropped their instruments and joined in on a center stage, a capella singing of the chorus, arms around shoulders, jumping up and down as if they had just won a high school basketball championship game, I felt myself wishing concert halls would provide vomit bags, like those thoughtful airlines. If it makes you feel any better, Michael, eight people were reported to be singing the chorus in the shower the following day.

But, on to the Kinks. The Beloved Kinks. Ray Davies, the eccentric genius. The much maligned band. It was a sad thing, really. The Kinks are a recording band and there is no getting around it. Their good live performances, where they can blend showmanship, of which they have plenty, and good music, appear to be well spaced. Their show at Painter's Mill was so sloppily unmusical that you just had to marvel at how they can be so good on record and so terrible live. What most bothers me about the whole thing is that the Kinks treat their show as a lark; a joke at everyone's expense, with only putting on a show in mind, not giving the audience some music to go along with it. Ray Davies is at the center of this. It is he who writes the lovely songs which he sings in his lovely voice, and it is he who prances around on stage drinking cans of beer between and during songs, sometimes throwing them into the audience, and sometimes pouring them onto the stage floor as he sang. For this safety-minded maneuver, Mr. Davies took a couple of nasty spills during the course of one song, the second of which caused him to crash his head which, in turn, forced him to miss most of the last quarter of the concert. (This night didn't have just one similarity to a high school basketball game, fans). During Ray's absence, the boys gallantly held up the show-must-go-on maxim with some untogether blues jams on "Everyday I Have The Blues" and "Stormy Monday" sung by Dave Davies and bassist John Dalton. The second team didn't make it, although their playing with Ray wasn't substantially better.

A word about Ray's brother Dave, who had some problems of his own. At one point, during Ray's belting of "Alcohol" which darkens the stage save for a red light on the singer, Dave was half collapsed behind the amps and had to be helped up for the next number. Later he was furnished with a cushioned chair from which he promptly fell. It was a rough night, yes, but not as rough as his playing. To say he is one of rock's less distinguished guitarists is an understatement. He's okay for the simpler things, but beyond that, forget it. The rest of the band, along with the new horn section, the Mike Cotton Sound, are not much better.

The set included only one song from their fine new album, EVERYBODY'S IN SHOW-BIZ, "Here Comes Yet Another Day." They opened with "Top Of The Pops," followed by "You're Lookin' Fine," which featured snatches of "Little Queenie," "Shakin' All Over," and "Be Bop A Lula." During this one the power went out to lunch three times. The bulk of the pre-accident songs were from MUSWELL HILLBILLIES, including the title song, "Alcohol," "Acute Schizophrenia Paranoia Blues," "Skin and Bone," and "Baby Face," (the song in which the falls took place).

I'll continue to enjoy the Kinks' records, but my chances of turning up at a future Kinks concert are mighty slim.

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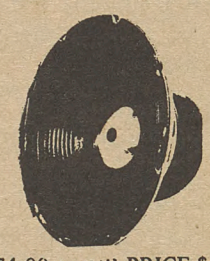

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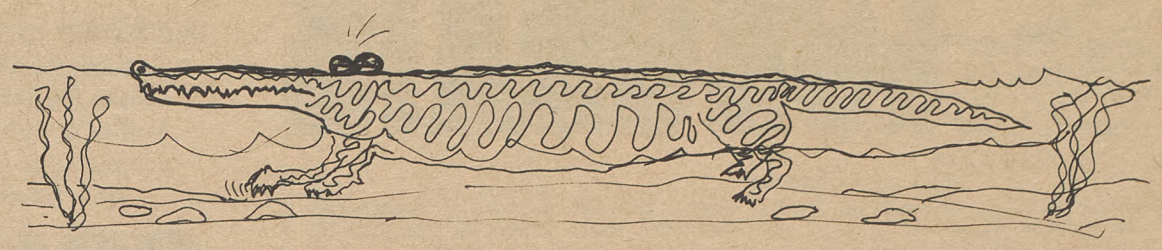
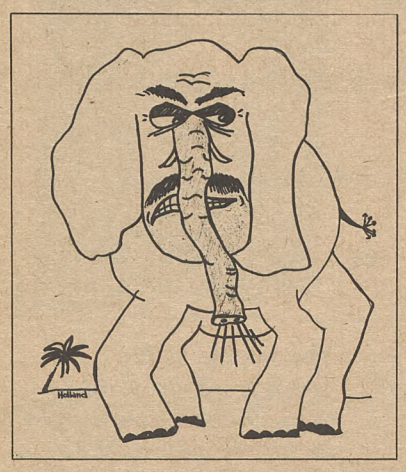


A CHILDREN'S STORY

(With a nod to Aesop and others)

By WILLIAM HOLLAND



This is the story of Phumpt the elephant. His name is pronounced by gently blowing air out of your nose and, at the same time, saying "umpt." At least, that's as close as humans can say it.

Now, Phumpt's name wasn't always Phumpt. He used to be known as L.E. Funt. He pronounced it very loudly; in fact, it sounded as if her were bellowing "YELL–EEE–FONNT!"

Most elephants, when they grow up, are big and heavy. But most try to be gentle and kind, so they can even pick blossoms off the trees. But not L.E. Funt, when he was known by that name.

No, he used to stopm all around the jungle, his treetrunk legs crunching everything in his path that didn't move aside – which wasn't too much, because everybody moved aside.

Of course, the grasses and plants couldn't move aside, and so there was always something to be repaired when L.E. Funt stormed through, making a lot of creatures unhappy with his noise.

Most elephants make some noise, by blowing out of their long trunks. They sound like a horn; in fact, their noise is called trumpeting.

Well, L.E. Funt's noise sounded like five trumpets, and out of tune ones at that!

All things considered, L.E. was quite rude and frightful, everyone agreed.

But deep down in his secret heart he wanted to be nice. But he felt so funny being so big, he tried to cover up by acting as if he didn't care one way or the other.

But deep down, he was just afraid everyone would make fun of him. So he decided to make sure that didn't happen.

And it didn't happen. Most folks just decided he was a mean fellow.

† † †

Now there lived in the muddy, wide river a silent, huge alligator. In fact, if he was as many years old as the length of him in feet, he was nearly 100 years old!

Someone 100 years old has lived 36,500 or so days, and of course, everyone learns something every day – some days, every minute – so the old big alligator had learned quite a lot.

One thing he'd learned was that it wasn't right that an elephant should be as rude and as loud as that fellow L.E. Funt. So he decided that one day he'd teach him a lesson.

The old alligator's name was Doc Crock, and he was so-called because of the many degrees he had received from schools throughout the years. (Degrees are letters from schools that say how smart you are because you have passed through tests the schools think up).

Doc Crock never told anybody how many degrees he had received. He'd always say "It depends."

Doc Crock was rather cold-blooded, and had evidently never learned to be warm and direct in his answers. In fact, he was known to be slightly grumpy and mysterious, and not one to fool around with what he thought were silly things.

Although he often ate some of the jungle animals to vary his usual diet of fish, many of them still came to complain about L.E. Funt's bad behaviour.

"Sometimes his snorting and stomping makes me feel blue," said Miss Camille Leon. "And sometimes I turn white with fright."

"He makes me giggle," said Mr. Hippo Potamus, who normally carried great weight in the community. Everybody wondered how odd it was that he would giggle.

"Well," he explained, "his stomping makes the ground shake, and that makes my heavy body jiggle. And that tickles. And I'm forced to giggle. I don't think I should do that sort of thing," he said.

"He squirts water on me with his trunk," said Miss Leo Pard, who was up in a nearby tree. "And everybody, even rude elephants, knows that cats don't like water."

Mr. Spider Monkey added a long tale of his own, and Miss Ann T. Lope's story of fright was told with great speed.

"Oh, can't you do something?" she asked Doc Crock at last.

Doc Crock didn't move. But the water around him began to steam and grow warm, so Mr. Bull Frog later told the animals. And he even opened his huge jaws, something he seldom felt called upon to do. His sharp rows of teeth were as craggy as mountain ranges, Mr. Frog said.

And then he shut his jaws so fast the wind knocked over Ms. Field-Mouse and Mr. River Rat, who were talking nearby in the swamp.

"I think he's angry," said Mr. G. Raffe. "I hope he's not too angry. While I'd like to see Doc Crock teach him a lesson, it would not be nice to teach him that rudeness can only be stopped by someone who gets very angry."

"You always have your head in the clouds," said Miss Ann A. Conda, the colorful snake, who wriggled off lazily, as if she'd made her point so well the world had slowed down.

"Well, Mr. G. Raffe," said a most wet Mr. River Rat, "I agree with that snake's statement. I'd love to see that rude elephant get what's coming to him."

Ms. Field-Mouse wasn't so sure, but as she was drying herself off, she thought: "What's coming to him is trouble, and that might be unnecessary. Maybe L.E. Funt can first be told to mind his manners."

So Ms. Field-Mouse left the riverbank and ran on her tiny legs to find the big, noisy beast to warn and advise him.

Because she had run so many steps, she thought she had run a hundred miles when she found L.E. Funt picking fruit off a tree that didn't belong to him.

But in fact, Ms. Field-Mouse had only run a few hundred feet. In fact, L.E. Fund could spit out the seeds of the fruit all the way to the riverbank.

In fact, one of the big seeds, called a pit, sailed to the river and konked Doc Crock on the head, although L.E. Funt didn't even notice. Ms. Field-Mouse noticed, however, and also saw that Doc Crock's cold eyes blinked in their direction. Of course, he couldn't see her too well, but he did see L.E. Funt very clearly.

"Mr. L.E. Funt, you should be nicer," she squeaked. "I know down deep you're a decent fellow. Someday, someone will hurt you for being so mean and hurt so many other creatures."

L.E. Funt didn't hear the mouse very well, but well enough. He knew that even though she was small, she had said something very big.

So big, in fact, that her words were as much a problem as a big animal's words. . . or a big animal's actions.

Now, it is true, he saw how small Ms Field-Mouse was, and how nice and kind she was trying to be, but he just didn't want to hear those words, because they meant he had been acting wrong. And no one likes to admit they've been wrong. So he decided to just blow her away.

And he did.

He took a small breath and blew some air out of his trunk and blew her into the air all the way back to the riverbank, where the sand was soft.

He knew she wouldn't be hurt, but even so, it was not a very nice thing to simply blow somebody away who has something to say to you that you might not like hearing.

"That wasn't very nice of him," she said after she had straightened her skirt, "but I know he just doesn't want to hear criticism – talk that will make him wonder if he is wrong in the way he acts. But I know deep down he's a good elephant."

Ms. Field-Mouse was small, but her heart was very big.

L.E. Funt wouldn't have wanted anyone to know, but after he had blown her away, he looked out of the corner of his eye to make sure that she wasn't hurt. Then and only then did he trumpet out of his trunk, blowing the tree leaves right off the branches!

"YELL–EEE–FONNT!" he blared, and it sounded like 14 tubas, 14 trombones and a motorcycle all at the same time! Oh, but his noises were ever so loud! He decided he'd stomp to the riverbank to drink. Such carryings-on made a big fellow like him very thirsty.

Old Doc Crock watched him approach, and he lowered himself further down into the water. He looked like a big, big log in the river usually, and now, with only his cold eyes sticking out, you couldn't tell he was nearly 100 feet long from nose to tail.

Think of that if you will!

The closer the rude elephant got, the more Doc Crock's green eyes closed, until they were just two vertical slits, and no one in the world could have looked at them without sensing that he had some very serious business on his mind.

But of course Doc Crock was so quiet about his actions, no one in the jungle guessed what he was planning to do.

Mr. Paul Parrot, who made a lot of noise when he saw something happening, was asleep in a tree, getting some shade. Although he was in a tree close to the river, he didn't notice Doc Crock when L.E. Funt's loud thundering shook the air, which shook the tree, which shook him awake. In irritation, Mr. Paul Parrot went "Awwkk," but he was too sleepy to say or notice much anything else.

Ah! But there was one fellow who began to see something was going to happen. It was Mr. Bull Frog, the deep-voiced fat fellow who always seemed to burp after his meals of bugs.

Mr. Bull Frog had jumped into the river when he felt L.E. Funt approaching, and plopped through the water surface and let himself gently sink to the river bottom. And darn if he didn't land within a few feet of old Doc Crock's right front foot! It was big and green and brown and gray. It was old and tough and scaly like a tree bark. And Doc Crock's right front foot's toes were tapping!

"Da-da-da-da-rump," they went, hitting the muddy bottom with the sound of many marching drummers many miles away.

Mr. Bull Frog knew that Doc Crock only tapped his toes when he was very angry. And there was only one thing to be angry about at the moment, and that was L.E. Funt, who was making so much noise up on the solid ground.

Mr. Bull Frog let himself rise to the surface just a foot away from Doc Crock's two eyes, so that he could see what was going on.

There, right in front of him was L.E. Funt on the shore, stamping the ground and getting his long trunk ready to drink by swinging it around in the air and swinging it in the dust, just like a poor golfer swinging a club into the ground. Huge puffs of sand went into the air!

Mr. Bull Frog could tell the elephant didn't notice Doc Crock's eyes sticking out of the water, because, finally, after making a bit of confusion (the birds nearby flew away very frightened), L.E. Funt splashed down his trunk into the water and began to drink in a most forceful way, just like a big vacuum cleaner!

Oh! To tell what then happened still makes Mr. Bull Frog croak with fright! It was awful!

In a great, quick move that parted the water of the great river, Doc Crock jumped out of the water and lunged forward at the elephant's trunk and, opening his huge jaws, chomped down on the middle of it with the weight of 42,000 frog-eating crane jaws or so! Oh, it was just terrible! Vicious!

The shock and pain lifted L.E. Funt off the ground! And then releasing Mr. L.E. Funt's chomped trunk from his huge jaws, Doc Crock let out a horrible hiss, as loud as a jet engine taking off and much more blood-curdling! Mr. Bull Frog later said it was Doc Crock's way of laughing, but it's hard to tell because everyone said he never laughed like that before.

And what did L.E. Funt do? Did he. . . did he stomp Doc Crock's head with his huge legs and feet? Did he try to stick his long ivory tusks into Doc Crock's hundred-foot-long tough hide?

No, he didn't. He just let out the loudest saddest, frightened squeal Bull Frog had ever heard. He said it sounded like 50 big trucks slamming on their brakes!

And after that long, long squeal, he sat down on the riverbank and held his chewed-up trunk between his big feet, and cried, just like a normal creature! Yes, he did!

"Oooww, it must have really hurt, all those sharp teeth biting down into his trunk," Mr. Bull Frog told Ms. Field-Mouse later on dry ground.

"I bet it did," she said quietly. "Poor fellow."

"You mean poor big fellow, don't you?" Frog croaked.

"No matter. I must help him," she said, scurrying for some bandages and feel-better medicine and running off in L.E. Funt's direction.

"Bracch," Frog scoffed. "I wouldn't help that rude fellow."

But Ms. Field-Mouse knew that if ever L.E. Funt needed help, it was surely right now!

Well, what happened was this: the elephant just loved her attention and help and acted very polite to her. She bandaged his trunk and gave him feel-better medicine. He didn't say, but she saw in his heart that he had gotten what he'd asked for – trouble – and he wanted no more.

Finally, he spoke to her, very quietly, for it hurt to talk and anyway, she thought he might be ashamed to yell anymore.

"Why'd he dooo that?" he said, and air escaped from his trunk. "I'm a phumpt."

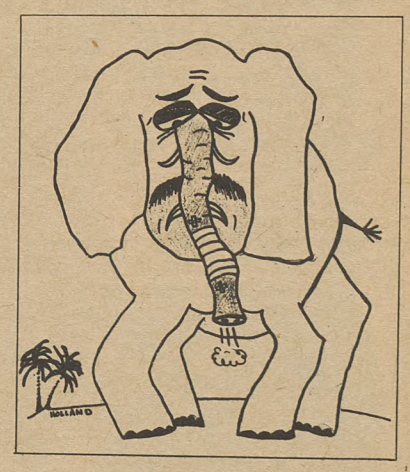
"A what?" Ms. Field-Mouse asked, but he didn't say it again for a few weeks, and after his trunk had healed and his hurt pride had also gotten better.

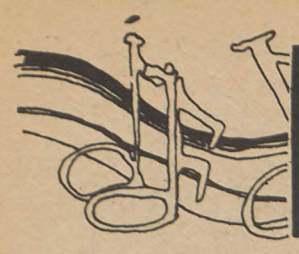
He recovered to the point where he could even yell if he wanted to, but he didn't do it much. He grew more and more polite, to all the creatures, but especially to the mouse.

† † †

They would sometimes joke. "What's your name, sir?" she would ask.

"Phumpt," he would reply, with the air still escaping from his trunk, where the healed holes were. "L. E. Phummmmphtt!!"





LONGHAIR

By Louis C. Fantasia

I'm sure that by now everyone knows that the Kennedy Center is one year old. Reports to Congress, requests for more money, the Mass, the musicians' union and a few hundred performances ranging from pitiful to powerful have made the first year of the Center something we can look back to – if not with pride, then at least with the knowledge that we made it. And by we, I mean all of us, producer, performer and audience. As demanding as the negotiations between the union and the management were on the upcoming production of PIPPIN, could they have been any worse than the negotiations between customers and ticket window workers on a busy night (any night)?

The Center closed Year One with one festival and opened Year Two with another, and the difference between the two is microcosmic, the difference between the Center at its best and. . . well, not so best.

Stravinsky once called Leonard Bernstein a musical department store; there isn't anything he can't or won't do. . . or sell. If Stravinsky was correct in his analysis – and I'm not saying that he is – well then the recent Film Festival was a bargain basement special.

With one exception – the magnificent tribute to Beethoven – there was no point to the films other than to reproduce a concert performance, but with commentary, either by Bernstein or the camera. Commentary more often than not came in the form of schmaltz or green cheeked trumpet players blatting through Brahms.

Bernstein is not only a great American conductor (perhaps the greatest) but he is also a great American paradox. The composer of "I Feel Pretty" and other great B-way hits is one of the best Mahler conductors ever. A sincere and sensitive pianist is a show biz personality who makes the front pages for giving a Black Panther party. The films are the man in this festival, not the music. The emphasis was on Bernstein, on his face, his voice, his acrobatics; he was his own Celebrant and Beethoven, Brahms and Mahler, let alone any of the soloists or musicians who were with him, were but a mere second fiddle. The end result, therefore, was a film festival which made little contribution to either musical films or to a treasury of great musical performances (which Bernstein certainly has given us throughout the years). Instead, we got a quick run through the department store which is Bernstein and saw a few masterpieces and a few pieces of junk for sale all in the same shop.

Even while the sale was going on, the next festival was being pushed in. The Old and The New Music Festival hit the Kennedy Center like a breath of fresh air. In sharp contrast to the Bernstein, there seemed to be no one, overriding personality behind the event. Michael Geilen, Arthur Weisberg, Bruno Maderna, Renato Fasano and Julius Rudel are solid musicians all, but not superstars. The American Brass Quintet, Theatre Chamber Players, Fine Arts Quartet, and the Virtuosi di Roma, are not always on the tips of musicians tongues. And composers like Coperario, Earl Brown, Paisiello, and Cimarosa are not seen and heard in the concert hall every day.

Which is probably why the whole thing was such a hit. It took real guts on somebody's part (Julius Rudel, maybe?) to put "contemporary music" into the national arts center. In some circles that's like letting the Commies parade on the fields of Gettysburg. Certainly not all the houses were SRO, and just as certainly, not all the music will last into the next century, but if this kind of music is not played now, by our best musicians in our best halls, how will we ever know if it deserves a place in our continuing heritage?

Let me give, then, just a few impressions of of the events and happenings as I remember them: The American Brass Quintet packing the football-field foyer of the center, with kids and matrons sitting on the ground and digging the sound of brass; a bass player friend of mine in the NSO bitching about having ruined a good bow by banging it on his instrument for some lousy piece of modern music; walking in an hour late and not being able to find the chamber room of the concert hall; watching Bruno Maderna do the Ives Fourth and remembering how he stepped in for Steinberg at Tanglewood on a moment's notice last summer and also that the only good movement of the Ives is the Fugue which I did at Georgetown but Christ I wish I had those string players; wondering what I had to do to get into the Virtuosi di Roma, so that we could play great Vivaldi every day; and missing the Britten WAR REQUIEM because, having heard the piece once live and once on TV, I was convinced it's a bore.

If the Center has another two weeks like it just did, there is only one recommendation I would like to make. . . get it on film.

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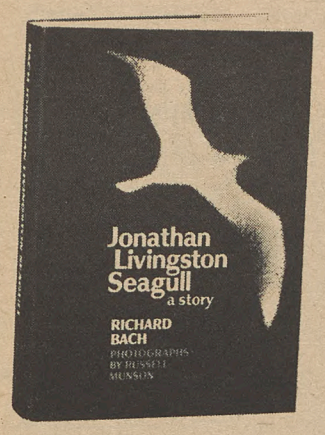

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Continued from Page 7

another one of course, but he did most of his good recording for other people like Mingus. Don't miss MINGUS PRESENTS MINGUS on Barnaby, a quartet with Dolphy, Ted Curson and Dannie Richmond, with tunes like "Fables of Faubus" and "All The Things You Could Do By Now If Sigmund Freud's Wife Was Your Mother" which is Mingus' version of "All The Things You Are."

T/ No rock band could come up with a title like that, had to be jazz.

J/ Mingus is pretty good at that. On his new Columbia LP, LET MY CHILDREN HEAR MUSIC, "The Shoes Of The Fisherman's Wife Are Some Jive-Ass Slippers."

T/ Look out, rock freaks, jazz is gonna get your children.

J/ Well, I hope it will get THEM, y'know. Let's smoke a joint and make that our last official act.

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COUNTERNOTES

LOST AND POUND – Humble Pie – (A&M)

By Bruce Rosenstein

Earlier this year, as I plunked down six dollars for a copy of the British-only TOWN AND COUNTRY Humble Pie LP, I said to myself, "You know that after you buy this someone is going to put it out in American, don't you know?" Alas, 'tis true, but all the better for everyone else. T&C, the Pie's second album, previously released in 1970 in England only, and AS SAFE AS YESTERDAY IS, their debut album from 1969, released in this country in minute quantities by Immediate Records shortly before they went bankrupt, have both been purchased by A&M. They've been packaged together as a double album and released in this country for all to enjoy. It is a tremendous bargain. It's not often that two such outstanding albums are presented together. Except for ROCKIN' THE FILLMORE, each LP is much superior to anything the band has since released. TOWN AND COUNTRY is a drastic change of pace, a quiet, acoustic album sans heavy guitars and booming basses. The only thing to tell you that it is Humble Pie is Steve Marriott's voice. Here and there it gets a little heavy, but mainly it's quite peaceful.

The rockin' Humble Pie that we know and love is in full force on SAFE. On "Buttermilk Boy," ("Buttermilk boy, better gain some pounds, before she lets her knick-knick-I said knickers down") Steve yells, "Let's hear some of that strong-arm music!" and that's just what it is. The title cut is a great example of riff-rock, as is "Band!" "Alabama '69" is as close as they'll get to country music and with a bit of social comment thrown in for good measure. "Natural Born Woman," a hit single in England, is a turnabout on Berry's "Little Queenie." Add to this a lot of other great hard rock tunes including a version of John Kay's "Desperation," and you've got an LP you'll wish you could have been listening to these past three years. The combination of albums is unbeatable.

TRANQUILITY – (Epic)

This album was released in February and has received a considerably rude greeting. It's such a beautiful album and no one knows it because practically no one has heard it.

Tranquility is a very British group made up of five people whose album is distinct, soothing, easy to listen to and very satisfying. Terry Shaddick, who sings and plays guitar, is the main songwriter, and his lyrics are poetic without being trite or pretentious. The playing on the album is restrained and controlled, nothing gets out of hand. Along with the quality of the all-original material, the most impressive thing about Tranquility is the vocals and mainly the harmonies. They are never less than perfect. America and other latecomers have got nothing on Shaddick and his vocal cohorts, Berkely Wright and Tony Lukyn, who also provides some of the nicest keyboard playing I've heard in a while. You've only to hear "Walk Along The Road," "Ride Upon The Sun," "Happy Is The Man," "Try Again," or any of the others, really, to know what I'm talking about. It's pretty hard to go wrong with this album.

B.R.

TRUCKER'S FAVORITES – Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen – (Paramount)

The Cody Clan is back again with some more good old Ozone music. They sound like they have more of an idea of what they're doing in the studio, in terms of playing and in choice of material. This is not a perfect LP, far from it, but then the last people you'd expect perfection from would be the Airmen.

You may sense that you've heard these songs, or something like them, before. Don't worry, you have. For instance, "Truck Drivin' Man" bears some uncanny resemblances to "Lost In The Ozone," but that's okay because it was great then and it's great now. Billy C. Farlow is the star of the song and he is the star of many others. His performances of "Truck Stop Rock," "Cravin' Your Love," and the infamous "I Took Three Bennies And My Semi-Truck Won't Start" are top notch. I found out some things about Billy C.'s style a few days ago when I heard an old Sun Records 45 by a guy named Billy Riley. Wheh! The whole Cody-Billy C. trip, 15 years earlier. A cat who combined Buddy Holly and Elvis Presley during their own time, probably without thinking twice about it.

HOT LICKS. . . doesn't just excell in the rock department, not with country weepers like "Kentucky Hills of Tennessee," "Looking At The World Through A Windshield," and "Mama Hated Diesels," which must be heard to be believed. Vocal credits on that one to lead guitarist Bill Kirchan. John Tichy does vocals on the standard "Diggy Diggy Lo," which is nice but really drags in comparison to their live version. In fact, that's something that we're going to have to live with for a while, anyway, because they've yet to capture their magnetic live sound on magnetic tape. If you've seen them recently, you're aware that the Airmen are better than ever in concert and that they knock out whoever they play to.

You just can't review this album without mentioning the pedal steel guitar exploits of Bobby Black, who has proven himself a most capable replacement for the West Virginia Creeper. On the LP, he's at his best on "semi-Truck." And of couse, the Commander himself. The man who delighted ten year-olds with his version of "Hot Rod Lincoln" gives us "It Should've Been Me," which has been one of the band's concert staples for a while. Now all we need is "Stranded in the Jungle."

They may be overdoing the whole trucks-thing a bit, and I hope it doesn't get turned into a cliche, but outside of that, HOT LICKS, COLD STEEL AND TRUCKER'S FAVORITES is a cause to rejoice.

B.R.

EVERYBODY'S IN SHOWBIZ – Kinks – (RCA)

This is a two record set, one studio, one live. My basic feelings on the Kinks in concert can be found in another section of this issue. This is not the first time the Kinks have recorded live, there was THE LIVE KINKS! which is worth the sub-$2.00 price you'll have to cough up at the bargain bins for it. But that was a long time ago and a Kinks concert these days is just not worth recording and releasing. If you want to hear a pretty good version of "Brainwashed," with a horn section and several tunes from MUSWELL HILLBILLIES and an audience sing-along on a mini-"Lola," then you'll like the live album. I find it less offensive than the real thing since I don't have to watch them, but hardly exciting nevertheless.

The real stuff is on the studio record. Although it is not nearly the classic that ARTHUR was, it is nonetheless a marked improvement over MUSWELL. As fate and record promotion would have it, the Kinks, like the Grateful Dead, caught the fancy of the masses at one of the lower points in their recording career, with not many of their new-found friends going back and digging up the early albums. They're in the bargain bins, too.

Although the album as a whole may not be of classical status, there is one song that will surely live on for many years, "Celluloid Heroes," from which comes the title "Everybody's in showbiz, everybody's a star." It's got the best lyrics on the album, the best melody on the album, and possibly the best vocal from Ray, who has many great vocals on the album.

In other matters, Ray chronicles the sameness of a travelling band on "Here Comes Yet Another Day," and on the next cut, "Maximum Consumption" detailing life in the coffee shops and bedrooms of America's motels. The boys tackle semi-country music once again on "Motorway," and Dave Davies, (I assume) does vocals on "You Don't Know My Name."

I could argue the necessity of a double LP for this release; I think it would be much more effective with just one – all studio record – but then that's none of my business, anyway. Those of us who were disappointed in MUSWELL can feel secure that Ray Davies has lost neither his songwriting or vocal abilities, and be thankful that after all these years, the Kinks are still with us.

B.R.

ROCK OF AGES – The Band – (Capitol)

By Michael Hogan

ROCK OF AGES is the Band's NEW album. It also just happens to be a concert album. I say "new" because the Band obviously took care to make the concert a reason for an LP rather than an excuse for one. For several reasons, this concert/album is so far above other live recordings that any defense of other concert LPs is left practically untenable. For these same several reasons the end result is the purest delight.

The quality of sound defines unbelievable. A perfect combination of the Academy of Music's acoustics and the ears of The Band who produced the album, has presented us with a standard of acoustic richness that I find hard to believe took so long in arriving and also find hard to believe will be surpassed any time soon.

The quality of performance defines professional. It's quite clear that this New Year's Eve Show (71-72) was earmarked to become an album. The Band is its usual tight self, but added to the Band for the performance, and playing from chart arrangements by Allen Toussaint (a fellow rating a review of his own), are five of New York's finer hornmen, including Joe Farrell, who has a few albums of his own behind him. The horn section sparks a newer, different kind of life into the familiar songs and by virtue of Toussaint's charts, the section becomes an integral part of the music's life rather than an addition to it.

And finally, we get down to basic arithmetic. It's a double album, as any live LP should be, giving the Band plenty of room to move through seventeen of its better numbers representing all four previous LPs and including four new tunes not previously recorded.

I suppose they could have called it The Best Of The Band, applicable in all senses of the word, but instead they called it ROCK OF AGES, which it is.

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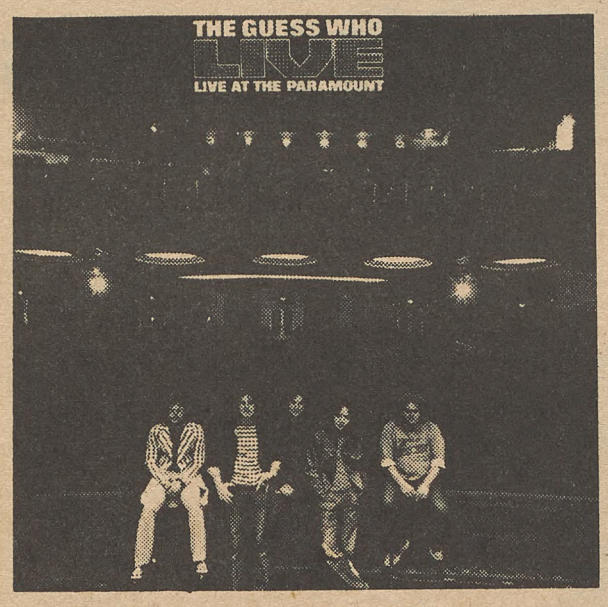

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BOOKS

THE PRESENCE OF THE ACTOR

By Joseph Chaikin, Antheneum, 161 pp.,

$6.95, (hardcover)

Reviewed by Ned Chaillet

Let me draw your attention to this book by Joseph Chaikin, founder of the Open Theater and a major force in contemporary theater.

I can't begin, as a critic, to examine this book at this point. I disagree with some of the thoughts inside, but passionately embrace other of his ideas. These points, however, are constantly shifting.

Chaikin's work with the Open Theater has included some of the most exciting, and influential, work that has been done in the American Theater this century. Open Theater productions have included Jean-Claude Van Itallie's AMERICAN HURRAH and THE SERPENT and Megan Terry's VIET ROCK, all of which evolved from intimate work between the playwrights and the ensemble. More recently, the Open Theater created a major work about death, called TERMINAL, in collaboration with Susan Yankowitz.

Chaikin's book must be taken as part of his overall body of work, not as an explanation of what he's done, nor as a biography or history, but as ruminative notes on his life, the Open Theater, acting and society. His artistic tone, carried over from the theater work, is consistent throughout, whether he's writing of his beginnings in theater with the Living Theatre of Julian Beck and Judith Malina, or explaining the evolution of various Open Theater productions.

If you're interested in theater, and its re-evolution into art, THE PRESENCE OF THE ACTOR deserves a place on the bookshelf along with your Brecht, or Artaud, or Grotowski. Chaikin seems to have undergone a long labor to give birth to this book; he continually protests against the writing, but the result is a book that is at once easy reading, and densely, reluctantly, profound.

It is tempting to go on, to try and evolve my own ideas about this book, but instead of succumbing to the temptations of criticism, I'll quote a paragraph from Chaikin concerning theater critics:

> The critic digests the experience and hands it to the spectator to confirm his own conclusions. The spectator, conditioned to be told what to see, sees what he is told, or corrects the critic, but in any case sees in relation to the response of the critic. Unfortunately, none of this has to do with the real work of the artist.

Well, as one critic to a reader, read it for yourself.

THE NEW MUSIC By Joan Peyser,

Delacorte Press, 186 pp., $7.95,

(hardcover)

Review by Susan Cohn

This review is to soothe the feelings of those friends of mine who are shocked that I prefer to listen to rock and jazz than WGMS at times; sometimes a hunch of mine tells me that a new book about music may prove very readable and quite interesting.

The subtitle of THE NEW MUSIC is "The Sense Behind the Sound," and it is the sociological perspectives of this book that insure its importance. Ms. Peyser's text is lively, readable, and uncluttered with the pedantry that usually marks analyses of this modern music. The book is divided into three sections, one on Schoenberg, Webern, and the Austro-German tradition, one on Stravinsky and the Russo-French school, and the last on Varese and the more experimental composers, including Boulez, Cage, and Babbitt. I found the section on Schoenberg the most inspiring (after reading it I sketched out the opening of a string quartet), although the other composers are covered quite well. The last section seemed a bit perfunctory, but then I realized that it will take the perspective of several years to sort out the prime movers of music since the 1950's.

The contemporary trends in music will make more sense after reading of the tenor of the times in which the various pieces were written. Stravinsky's wit is famous, but I was interested to read of Schoenberg's dictatorial egotism as well as the letters between Wilhelm Furtwangler and Goebbels on the subject of Art. The Glossary is precise, yet non-technical, so non-musicians should not hesitate reading this book; neither should musicians – if one doesn't learn, at least there are the clear explanations one can use when explaining contemporary music to those skeptical friends.

OTHER DAYS, OTHER EYES By Bob Shaw

Ace Books, 186 pp., $.95, (paper)

Reviewed by John Burgess

OTHER DAYS, OTHER EYES is the "fleshed out" version of Bob Shaw's short story "Light of Other Days." As such, it is – in some ways – far superior. In others, especially character motivation, it is not as good.

For those of you who are not familiar with the short story, it centers around a new miracle of modern technology, "slow glass." Slow glass is very similar to ordinary glass except in that light takes longer to pass through it. According to its thickness, the glass

glass can delay the passage of light for periods ranging from split-seconds to 50-or-more years.

OTHER DAYS, OTHER EYES is very much fun to read. Shaw's style is entertaining, and his story line moves along well. He covers the development of slow glass and its various applications – cameras, "picture windows," bugging devices, mirrors, etc. – even through its misapplications resulting in a permanent change of society, of equivocal value.

I do have two complaints against the book, however. First, the original story appears in the novel as a chapter. Its presence is an excellent example of "sticking out like a sore thumb." Second, guilt-ridden heroes tend to bore me.

This novel is strangely anachronistic. As was common with the older, '30 - '40's science fiction, science is the salvation of slightly choppy writing. This is, in fact, strange for Bob Shaw who, in such novels as ONE MILLION TOMORROWS and THE PALACE OF ETERNITY, has shown himself to be a writer of no little talent.

Don't let this discourage you from reading this book, though. It is a good book in spite of it faults. It's fun, and that's what counts.

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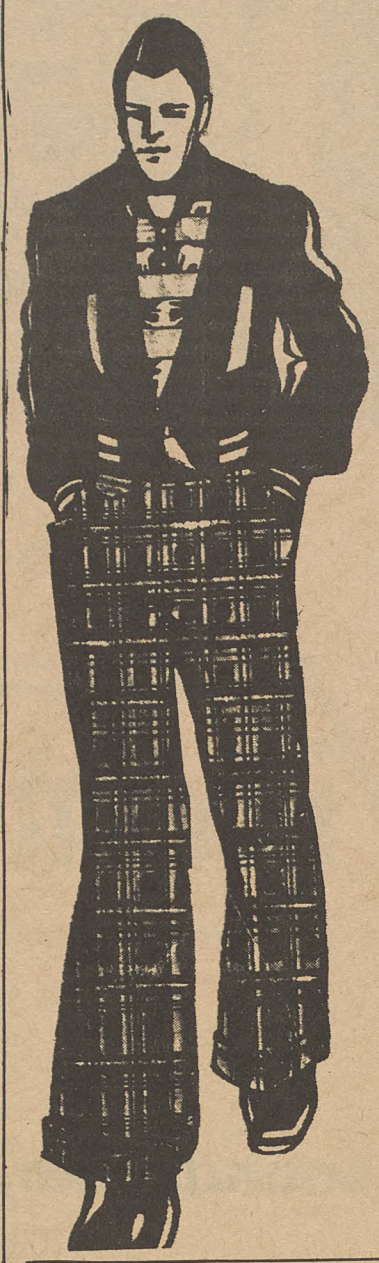

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By Paula Mathews

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TAWES FINE ARTS THEATRE of the University of Maryland announces the opening of its 1972 - 73 season with the presentation of five plays. There is a lot of variety so, as the old cliche goes, there's something there to please everyone. The season opens on Oct. 6-8 and Oct. 11-17 with Rogers and Hammerstein's musical CAROUSEL and is followed by Shakespeare's KING RICHARD III running from Nov. 8-12. The children's production this year is Grimm's fairy tale THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES, followed by Tennessee William's drama A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE. Completing the season is Dion Boucicault's THE POOR OF NEW YORK on April 4-8. Season subscriptions to the plays are available by mail through Sept. 29. For more information write: Fine Arts Theatre Box Office, University of Maryland, College Park, MD 20742, or call 454 – 2201.

GALLERY 8400 at 8400 Connecticut Ave., Chevy Chase is now showing the works of five local female artists. The show will run through Oct. 8 and the primary emphasis is on tapestried textiles and ceramics. Gallery hours are Thurs. through Sun. from 1 to 7 pm. Additional information can be obtained by calling 654 – 9775.

BALLET LOVERS: The National Ballet will open its eleventh season on Oct. 20 at the Kennedy Center for seven weeks of performances. Classical and contemporary favorites by such choreographers as Balanchine, Anton Delin, Rude van Dantzig and the company's own Frederic Franklin and Ben Stevenson are included in the company's retertoire. Full-length ballets to be given this season are SLEEPING BEAUTY, CINDERELLA, LA SYLPHIDE, and COPPELIA, plus 13 performances of the NUTCRACKER to be mounted at Lisner Auditorium. Season tickets are available at the National Ballet Box Office, 2801 Connecticut Ave., NW.

LOUIS C. FANTASIA, WOODWIND's Long-hair critic, has been appointed music director and orchestra conductor at Prince Georges Community College. His first concert will be presented on Nov. 12 and is an all-American program including Aaron Copland's Lincoln Portrait, Mountains and Rivers Without End, and compositions by Alan Hovhaness and Howard Hanson. All concerts are free and open to the public. Any orchestral musicians interested in joining should contact Fantasia at 483 – 1077.

"THE HAND AND THE SPIRIT: The Religious Impulse In American Art, 1700-1900" will be presented at the National Collection of Fine Arts from Sept. 29 through Nov. 5. This is the first major exhibit to document the religious theme in American art. The diversity of style will also be unusual: the technique of the trained professional will be displayed next to that of the pure or self-trained artist. The exhibit will be shown in the National Collection's Special Exhibition Galleries on the third floor of the building located at 9th St. between F and G Streets, NW. Admission is free.

THE M.C. ESCHER EXHIBIT hasn't left yet. So, if you wanted to see it and thought you had missed it, don't despair. Due to its popularity, the exhibit will continue at the National Gallery through Sept. and possibly longer. There are also 15 new additions to the exhibit, including the mural "Metamorphosis" and some graphics not shown in the hard- and paperback editions of Escher's work. While you're there, you might want to take in another fine collection of graphics by Edvard Munch in the hall outside of the museum's cafeteria. The collection is made up of 50 lithographs, woodcuts, dry points and mezzotints.

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Unless otherwise specified tickets available at **Kennedy Center Box Office,** Ward Stores, Campbell's (Downtown), Marriott Hotels (Wash. Area), Statler Hilton (Wash.), Holiday Inn (Downtown), and Ticketron.

MAIL ORDERS: Make check or money order payable to Kennedy Center and mail to Kennedy Center (c/o individual attraction), Washington, D. C. 20566. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Group Sales:** (202) 254-3626.

GORDON LIGHTFOOT

October 7th — 8:30 P.M.

DAR CONSTITUTION HALL

Tickets: $4.50, $5.50, $6.50, available at all TICKETRON locations, including, SEARS, WOODWARD & LOTHROP, AAA. For ticket info., call 338-5992 or 338-5993.

CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

MUSIC

The Association; Stardust Inn; 843-6233
Jimmy Castor Bunch; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Folksingers; Brickskeller; 293-18185
Liz Meyer & White Lightning; Red Fox Inn 652-4429

FILMS

Wait Until Dark & The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter: Circle Theatre; 337-4470

EVENTS

Frederick Co. Fair
Peggy Fleming; Painter's Mill
Spotlighters; Balto.; Desire Under the Elms; 8:30
Lecture –"The Bahai Faith" & film– "His Name Shall be One"; Dupont Theater, 10:30 am, free
Antonio Grades Spanish Dance Co.; Nat'l Theatre 8 pm; $6.50 - $2.75; NA8-3393

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

MUSIC

The Association (see Sept. 20)
Jimmy Castor Bunch (see Sept. 20)
Folksingers (see Sept. 20)
The Mudlick Band; Red Fox Inn; 8-12pm
Liz Meyer & White Lightning; Childe Harold

FILMS

Thomas Crown Affair & In The Heat of The Night; Circle Theatre

EVENTS

International Festival '72; Sandy Pt. St. Park, Annap.
Antonia Gradse (see Sept. 20)
The Hullabaloo Election of Osbert or Jess; Smithsonian Puppet Theater; 11, 12, 1:00 381-5395
Spotlighters (see Sept. 20)

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

MUSIC

Ravi Shankar; Kennedy Center Concert Hall; $7.50 - $3.50; 254-3600
Dick Drevo & Bluegrass Assoc.; Red Fox Inn
Crazy Horse; GWU, Lisner Aud.; 7 & 10 PM, free
The Association (see Sept. 20)
Jimmy Castor Bunch (see Sept. 20)

FILMS

Sons & Lovers & The Fox; Circle theatre

EVENTS

"IF" Coffeehouse; 1313 NY Ave., NW 9 pm–1 am
Internat'l Fest. '72 (see Sept. 21)
Antonia Grades (see Sept. 20)
Hullabaloo Election. . . (see Sept 21)
Charles Co. Fair
Antique Fair; Pikesville, MD, 679-2288
Balto. City Fair; for info., Chris Hartman 752-0991

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

MUSIC

The Association (see Sept. 20)
Jimmy Castor Bunch (see Sept. 20)
Liz Meyer, White Lightning, Babe; Fellowship Hall, Takoma PK; $1 donations; 270-8899
Clayton Hambrick & the Gross Managerie; Red Fox

FILMS

Sons & Lovers & Fox (see Sept. 22(

EVENTS

Photographic Exhibition; Kenilworth Cts. Activity Center; 1 - 5 pm; 426-6975
Internat'l Festival (see Sept. 21)
IF Coffeehouse (see Sept. 22)
Antonio Grades; 2 pm matinee (see Sept. 20)
The Hulabaloo Election. . . (see Sept. 21)
Chas. Co. Fair
Egyptian Models; Walters Art Gallery, Balto.
Antique Fair; Pikesville (see Sept. 22)
Frederick Co. Fair – last day
Candlelight Walking Tour of Chestertown, for info, call Mrs. Stradley, 778–2680
Balto. City Fair (see Sept. 22)

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

MUSIC

The Association (see Sept. 20)
Hootenanny; Cellar Door
Hootenanny; Brickskeller
Organ Recital; Wash. Nat'l Cathedral 5 pm
Jam Session – BYO Instruments
Tabla Workshop w/ Badal Roy Choudury; House of Musical Traditions 3pm; 270-8899

FILMS

(see Sept. 22)

EVENTS

Internat'l Festival – last day – (see Sept. 21)
Chas. Co. Fair – last day – (see Sept. 22)
Antique Fair - last day – (see Sept. 22)
Invitational Art Show – Loyola Coll. 323–1010
Balto. City Fair – last day – (see Sept. 22)
Barter Day – bring whatever you've raised, grown, made and swap it for anything you want done to your hair; Clip Joint; 588-0770
The Hullabaloo Election. . . (see Sept. 21)
Antonio Grades; matinee at 2 & 5 (see Sept. 20)

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25)

MUSIC

Ronnie Dove; The Stardust
Tim Buckley; The Cellar Door
Folksingers; Brickskeller
Englebert Humperdinck; Shady Grove

FILMS

(see Sept. 22)

EVENTS

"Mass Transit" poetry project w/ movies, special readings & opportunity to read your own poetry; Communty Book Shop; 8 pm; 833-8228
Lecture– "natural recycling"; WAMU-FM, 88.5 8:30

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

MUSIC

Ronnie Dove (see Sept. 25)
Tim Buckley (see Sept. 25)
John Duffey & the Seldom Scene; Red Fox Inn
Crazy River; Mr. Henry's–Wash. Circle

FILMS

The Wild Child & Stolen Kisses; Circle Theatre

EVENTS

Wonderful Wolrd of Horses w/ Royal Lipizzan Stllns; Washington Coliseum; $6.50-$4.50 8pm

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

MUSIC

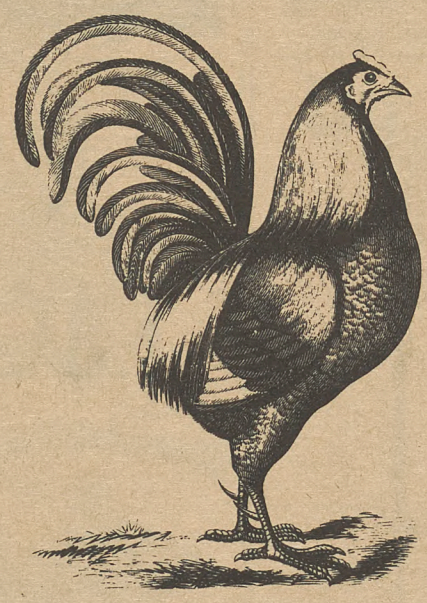
Balto. Symphony Concert; Lyric Theatre; 8:30
Ronnie Dove (see Sept. 25)
Tim Buckley (see Sept. 25)
Liz Meyer & White Lightning (see Sept. 20)
Crazy River (see Sept. 26)

FILMS

(see Sept. 26)

EVENTS

Lecture–"technological recycling"; WAMU-Fm 8:30
Speech– F. Lee Bailey – GWU; Marvin Ctr. 8:30 free
CHEECH & CHONG w/ Chris Smithers; Kennedy Ctr Concert Hall; 8:30
WONDERFUL WORLD OF HORSES (see Sept. 26)
The Hullabaloo Election. . . (see Sept.21–



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

MUSIC

Incredible String Band; Kennedy Ctr. Concert Hall 8:30
Mudlick Band (see Sept. 21)
Ronnie Dove (see Sept. 25)
Tim Buckley (see Sept. 25)
Balto. Symphony (see Sept. 27)
Liz Meyer w/ White Lightning (see Sept. 21)
Crazy River (see Sept. 26)

FILMS

Horsefeathers & Monkeybusiness; GWU Marvin Ctr; 8:30
Wild Child & Stolen Kisses (see Sept. 26)

EVENTS

The Wonderful World of Horses (see Sept. 26)
The Hullabaloo Election. . . (see Sept. 21)

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

MUSIC

Ronnie Dove (see Sept. 25)
Tim Buckley (see Sept. 25)
Liz Meyer w/ White Lightning (see Sept. 21)
Dick Drevo & Bluegrass Assoc. (see Sept. 25)
Crazy River (see Sept. 26)

FILMS

Horsefeathers & Monkey Business; 7:30 & 10 (see Sept. 28)
Women in Love & Virgin & the Gypsy; Circle Theatre

EVENTS

Egyptian Nat'l Dance Ensemble; Constitution Hall 8:30 pm; 785-0120
Wonderful World of Horses (see Sept. 26)
St. Mary's Co. Fair (on fairgrounds)
Up With People; Balto; 752–0991

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & White Lighning (see Sept. 21)
Ronnie Dove (see Sept. 25)
Tim Buckley (see Sept. 25)
Kris Kristofferson & Rita Coolidge; Constitution Hall
10 Years After & J. Geils Band; Balto. Civic Ctr.
Clayton Hambrick & The Gross Managerie (see Sept 23
Crazy River (see Sept. 26)

FILMS

Women in Love & Virgin & Gypsy (see Sept. 29)
Goodbye Columbus; GWU; Lisner Auditorium 7&9

EVENTS

The Hullabaloo Election. . . (see Sept. 21)
Wonderful World of Horses matinee at 2'30 (see 9/26
IF Coffeehouse (see Sept. 22)
St. Mary's Co. Fair
Artisan's Fair; Easton, Md.
John Denver; U.S. Naval Academy; Annapolis 8:00

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1

MUSIC

Israel Philharmonic; Kennedy Ctr. Concert Hall; 8:30; %6 - $4
National Chamber Players; Kennedy Ctr. Concert Hall. 3 pm
The Byrds & Jim Dawson; Constitution Hall; 7:30
Ronnie Dove; (see Sept. 25)
Hootenanny; Cellar Door
Jam Session (see Sept. 24)
Isley Brothers; Balto. Civic Center; 8:00

FILMS

Women in Love & Virgin & Gypsy (see Sept. 29)

EVENTS

The Hullabaloo Election. . . (see Sept. 21)
The Wnndrful World of Horses; 2:30 (see Sept. 26)

MONDAY, OCTOBER 2

Harry Chapin; Cellar Door
Tommy Overstreet; The Stardust
Munich Bach Choir; Kennedy Ctr. Concert Hall 7:30

FILMS

(see Oct. 1)

EVENTS

Lecture – "Living Portraits of the Dead"; Walters Art Gallery; Balto.
The Amazing Kreskin; Painter's Mill; 8:30
"Mass Transit" poetry (see Sept. 25)

Woodwind
WOODWIND